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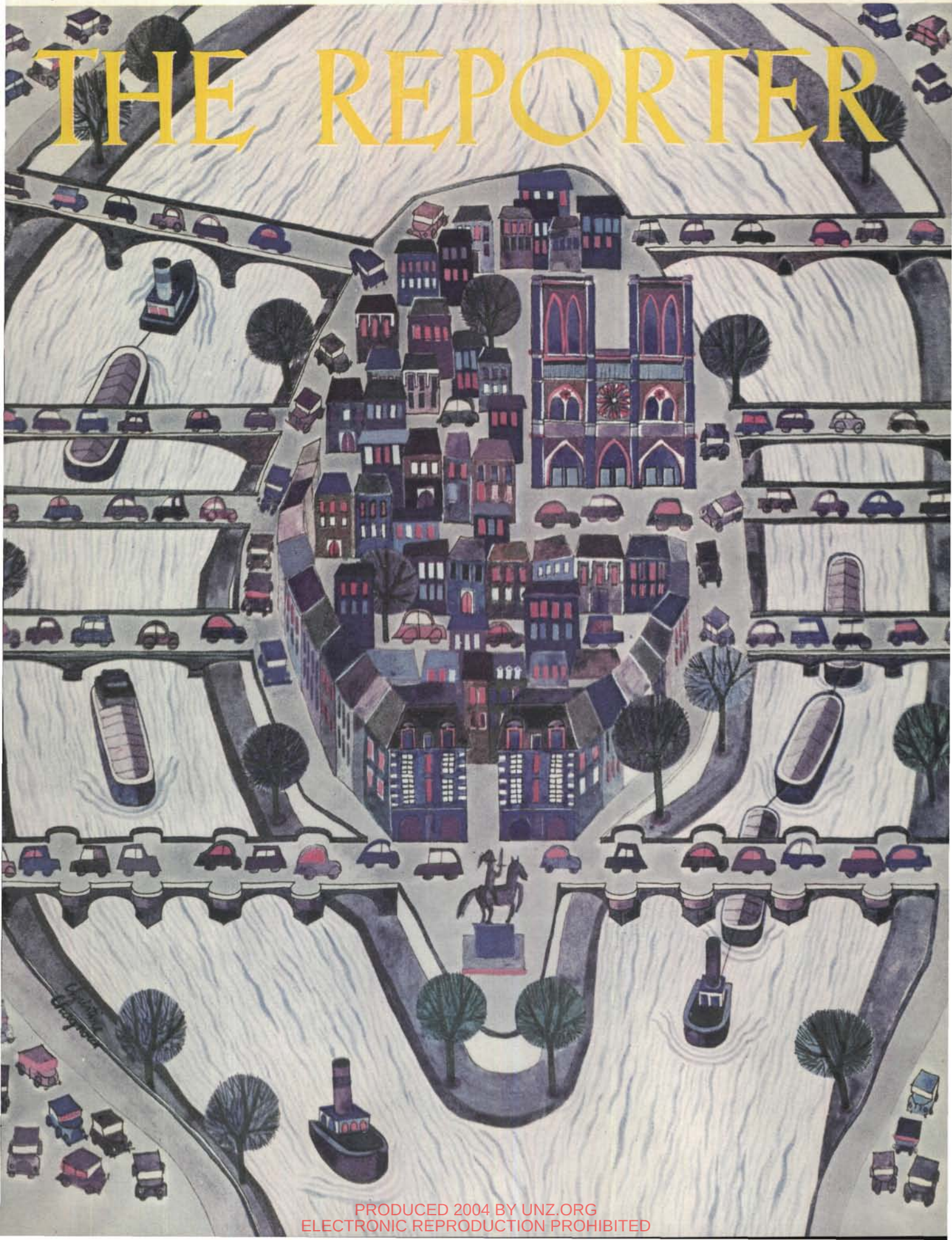

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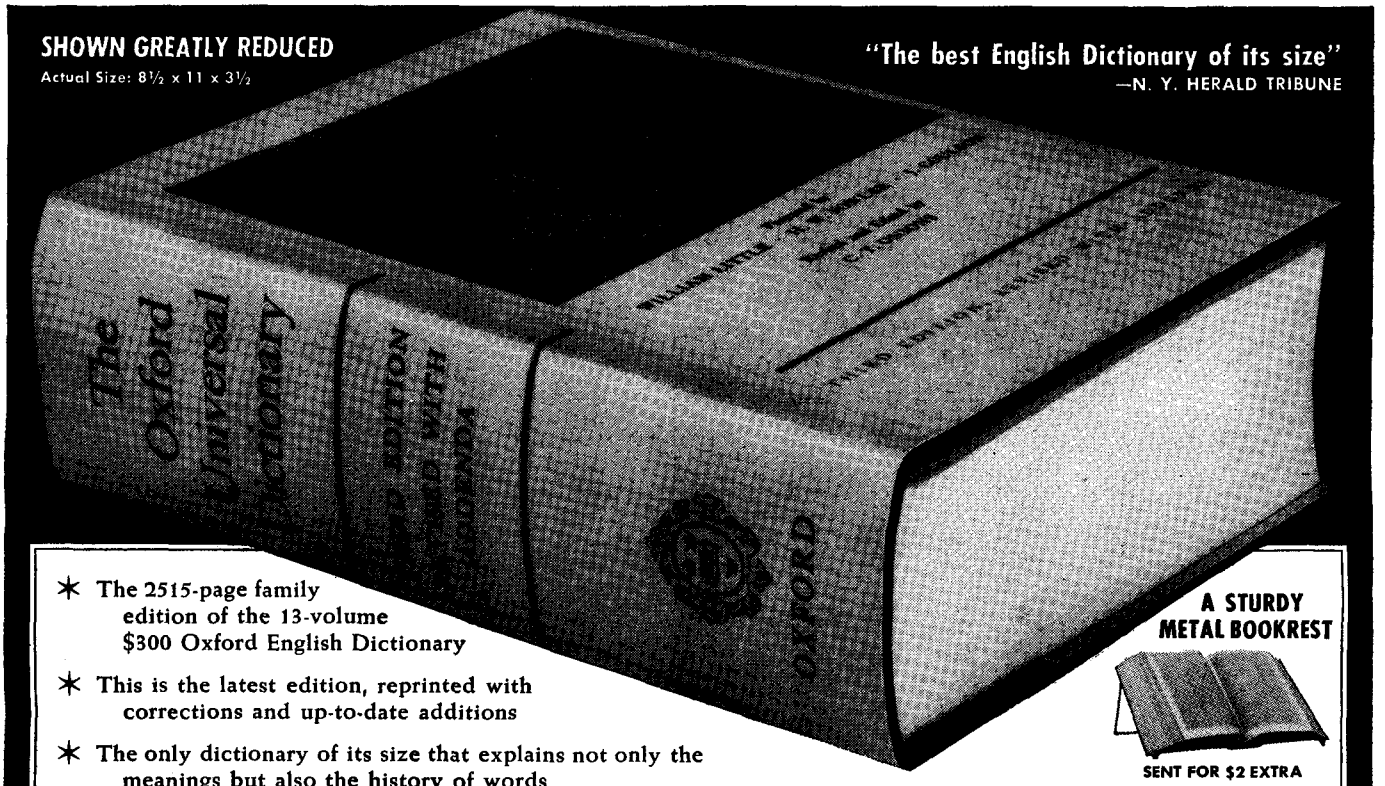

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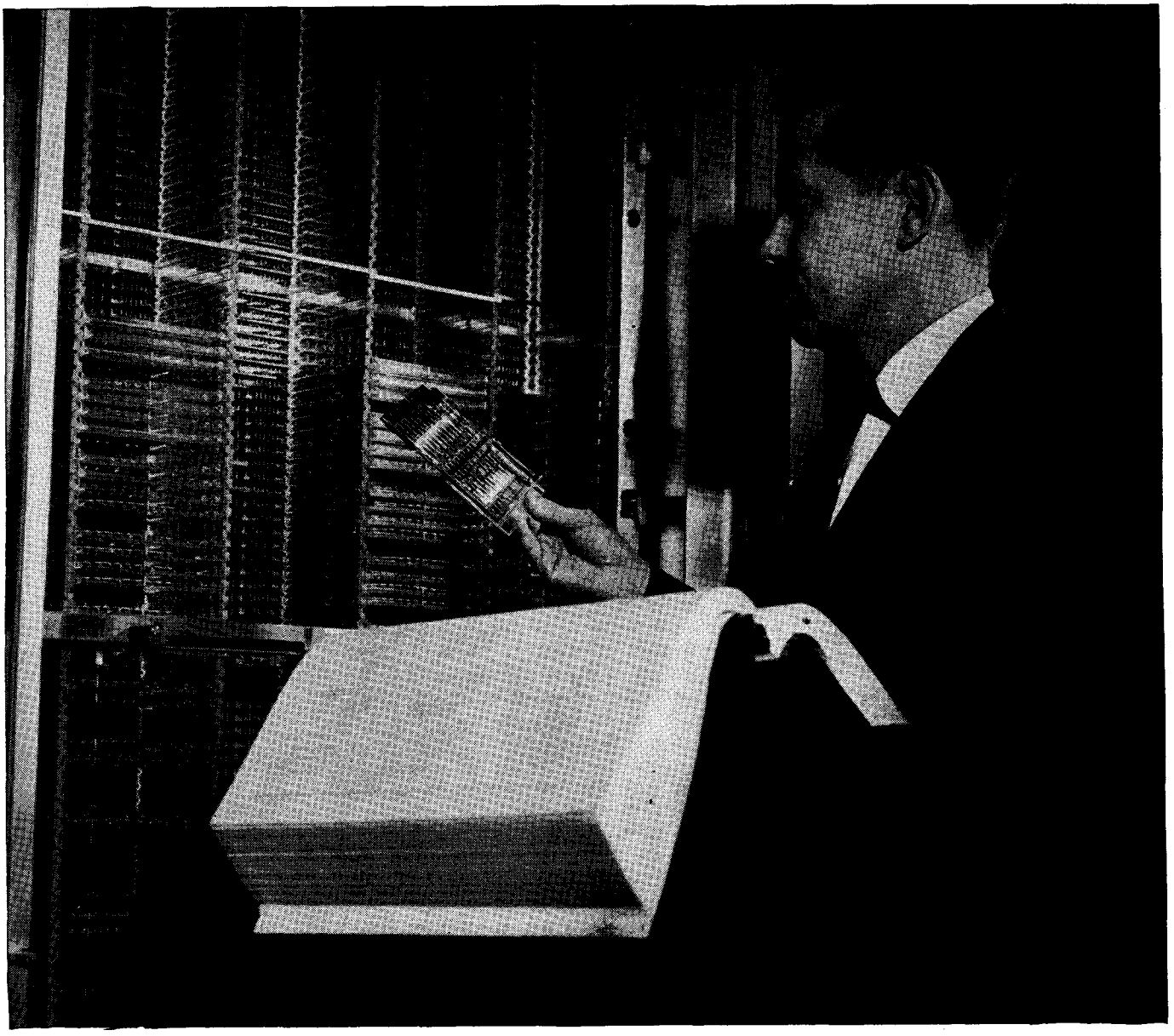

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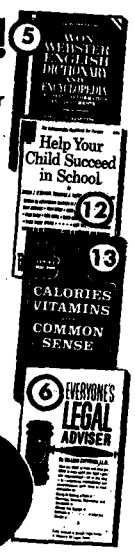

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FRANCE has a unique gift for making headlines. While over here the uproar over the de Gaulle press conference of January 14 continues with well-managed spontaneity, the miners and the workingmen of France have made their voice heard all over the world. The French Republic is now experiencing the side effects of its rapid, perhaps too rapid, economic growth. In this country the politicians talk about economic growth; in France, the economy just keeps growing—indeed, moving ahead. Unfortunately, the French prosperity is unevenly distributed among the working classes, and the disparity of wages in the various sectors of the economy is rather startling. Technological advances produce dislocations demanding imagination and resourcefulness in the leaders of both labor and management. In our own country we know something about maldistribution of wealth, disproportion in wages, and the reluctance of management and labor to abandon the settled ways of quieter times. Differently from France, unfortunately, we also know something about more massive unemployment.

In France there is a particular type of technological unemployment: that of the politicians. President de Gaulle has always exhibited a distinct dislike for any sort of mediator or interpreter between the government and the people, and has always shown his constant determination to be in frequent contact with the people as a whole. Now a very considerable section of the French people is standing up to de Gaulle. There seems to be no evidence of revolution. On the contrary, it is quite possible that between the government and the people a new relationship, a new balance, can be established that will be beneficial to both. **Edmond Taylor** is our European correspondent.

THE Nassau agreement between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan touched off such an eruption in the relationships among the western allies that it seems worth while to consider in detail the chronology of events that preceded it. **Ward S. Just,** a member of our Washington staff, discusses the complicated history of the plans for the Skybolt missile from their tumultuous beginnings to their even more tumultuous end. . . . The planned economy of the Soviet Union is once again under review. **J. M. Montias,** who is with the Department of Economics at Yale, writes of the current attempt decreed at last November's plenum of the Soviet Communist Party to adjust that economy to a more satisfactory balance between local and central control. Mr. Montias is the author of *Central Planning in Poland* (Yale University Press). . . . It is almost three years since the Congo won its independence. They have been years of confusion and bloodshed, giving ample demonstration both of the hopeless ineptitude of the Congolese leaders and of the ruthless cynicism and self-service of many outside interests. It has been a story with few heroes and a plethora of villains and fools. Now at last the "country" is united again and is at least not much worse off than it was when the Belgians first pulled out. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, reports on the plans to make another start. . . . On April 8, Canadians will hold the election that many consider to have been forced upon them by Washington. **Homer Bigart** of the New York *Times* reviews the campaign.

AT FIRST the dark, ruffled creature in **Bernard Malamud's** short story seems a rather rare kind of bird, and its loneliness, suffering, and forlorn sense of humor appear peculiar to its private adventure in one particular household. Soon, however, no great transposition is needed to see that the bird's adventure may have what the critics call wider significance. Mr. Malamud, novelist and short-story writer, teaches at Bennington College. His most recent novel is *A New Life;* next fall, *Idiot's First,* a collection of his short stories, will appear. (Both books are published by Farrar, Strauss). . . . **Roland Gelatt** usually writes for us about music. But recently he has been over, under, and almost through the Grand Saint Bernard Pass—the latter expedition by means of the new automobile tunnel nearing completion between Switzerland and Italy which he describes. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** "Record Notes" deal this time with two novelists and a playwright. . . . **David Littlejohn** discusses an unusual case in which the more successful of two writers still looks up to his colleague in admiration of his stubborn courage. Mr. Littlejohn, who says that "officially" his field is the eighteenth century, will assume this fall his duties as assistant professor of English at the University of California in Berkeley.

Our cover is by **Christine Chagnoux,** who lives in Paris.

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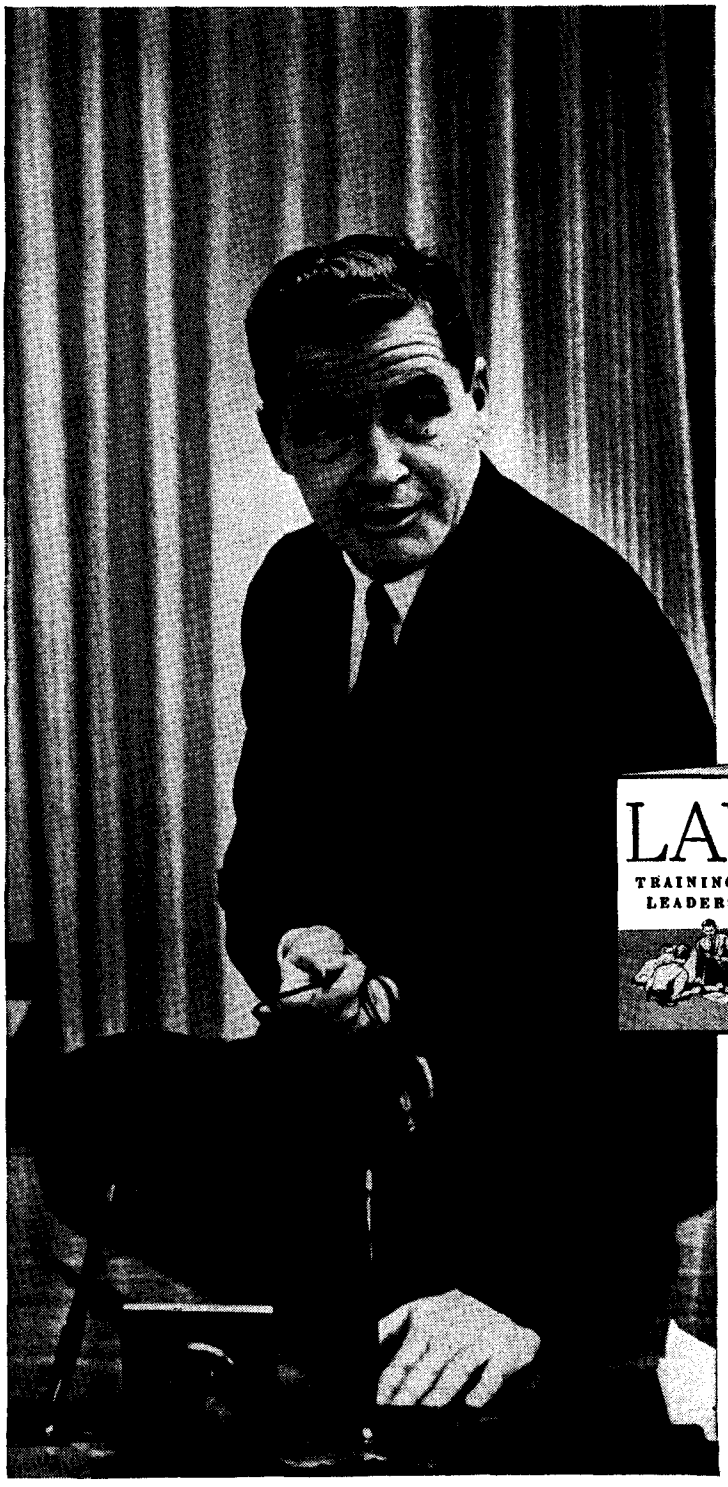

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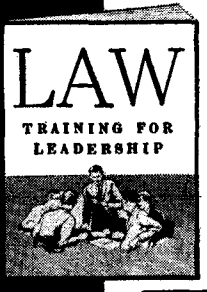

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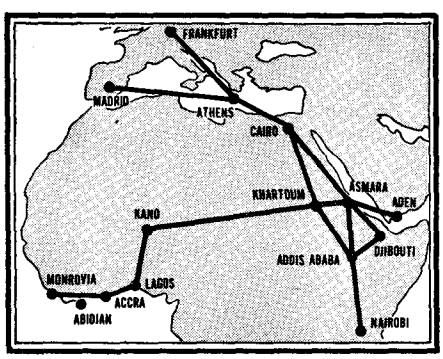

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FOUR-PARTY DOCTRINE

To the Editor: Since discussion of our political process seems to me as necessary as the economic debate the President has asked for, may I thank you for your discernment in asking Austin Ranney to review my book *The Deadlock of Democracy*. ("A Book for One Reader," *The Reporter*, March 14.) In the interests of such a debate I would like to take up two of his major points.

Austin Ranney is the leading American authority on what he calls the "classical responsible-parties doctrine." But I fear that his concern with this subject may have confused the issue a bit. My crucial concern is not with responsible parties but with political leadership, *one* of the sources of which is a competitive, vigorous two-party system that can mobilize continuing popular support behind an administration and behind its opposition. Mr. Ranney notes that under the classical doctrine it would be just as proper for the Congressional forces to dominate the Presidency as the reverse. Precisely—and that is why the classical doctrine fails us and must be replaced by a doctrine that takes into account such phenomena as the forces making for a four-party system.

As for Mr. Ranney's other main point—the question of how much data should be presented to support a case—this is always a difficult problem. The whole book is 388 pages, and this seemed to me enough to inflict on the general reader. Unhappily, we have insufficient information on Congressional roll-call votes during Jefferson's terms. My case is drawn from the information we *do* have from such scholars as Harlow, Cunningham, Binkley, Schachner, and, most recently, Chambers. As for the limited coverage of certain other administrations that might actually bolster my case, this I grant; but I hope I make clear my conviction that the dismantling of a strong House Speaker and other attempts to "democratize" our parties during the Progressive period were unfortunate. In any event, the case for the Madisonian or Jeffersonian formula does not turn on exactly how closely any administration seemed to follow such a formula. I prefer the term "models" because our first job, as I see it, is to comprehend intellectually the relation of ends and means; once we have done this we can try to shed dogma and analyze the appropriateness of Madisonian and Jeffersonian alternatives for various national needs and purposes.

So is this a book just for one reader, namely President Kennedy? Even aside from a crass hope for a slightly wider sale, my answer is No. The book is for those who have long worshiped

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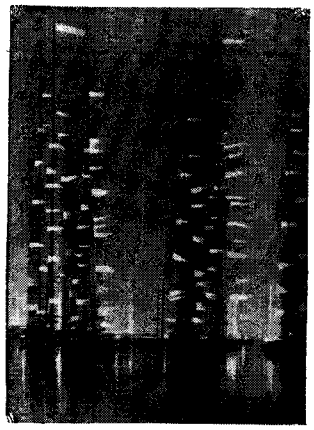

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James MacGregor Burns
Williams College
Williamstown, Massachusetts

KEATING ON CUBA

To the Editor: I wish to express my dismay at the lightness and near approval with which you write of Senator Keating's recent antics. In "The Reporter's Notes" for March 14, you dismiss the lack of answers to his questions as "politics." His own failure to answer his own questions is politics, and that, it seems to me, is all it is. You have no doubt noticed that our Senator Javits has not joined him in this irresponsible political activity.

You state that he is not a Joe McCarthy. With the assistance of the press, he has been most effective in raising public emotions without any background of fact. Considering the area in which he is working, his activity is more dangerous than McCarthyism. Is the President, any President, to be painted into a corner and prevented from doing anything at all about future crises? The resulting inflexibility would be the gravest danger to mankind.

The fair-minded may well recognize that the Cuban issue has been used politically for a long time. However, Senator Keating's irresponsible headline gathering is altogether too dangerous to be excused on any basis. The diversion of our attention from problems in the rest of the world is too big a price to pay for Senator Keating's political security.

Mary R. Tinker
Brockport, New York

To the Editor: I read with great interest your comment of March 14 on the Cuban situation. ("Two Prophets," in "The Reporter's Notes.")

What I am concerned about—whether prophesying, as you describe it, or hectoring, as some critics charge—is the need for a consistent and realistic United States policy toward Cuba. This need, unfortunately, goes back even before October, 1960, and Republicans as well as Democrats must share the blame.

I strongly believe in a bipartisan foreign policy; and when the President takes action, either successfully as in October or unsuccessfully as at the Bay of Pigs, he can expect bipartisan support without recriminations of any kind. But there has to be a policy before anyone can complain about a lack of bipartisan support. When no action is taken, when no policy is followed other than wait and see, there is little basis for criticizing members of Congress of either party for offering their views on this issue. In fact, to offer such views and suggestions is one of the responsibilities incumbent on all citizens under a freely elected representative form of government.

Kenneth B. Keating
United States Senate

FEDERAL MEDIATION

To the Editor: Your magazine and Edward J. Silberfarb should be congratulated on "Who Will Mediate the Mediators?" in the March 14 issue. It is very heartening to see a magazine of mass readership (is that the term?) pick up a complex idea and treat it with such honesty and technical competency. Needless to say, the March 14 issue is mandatory reading in my collective-bargaining class.

Dr. J. A. Raffaele
Drexel Institute of Technology
Philadelphia

To the Editor: There is no question but that some real problems exist within the general area of Mr. Silberfarb's article. However, in all candor, I must state that the article tends to be on the sensational side and does provide an appraisal of the problem that is not a very accurate reflection of the over-all picture.

William E. Simkin, Director
Federal Mediation and
Conciliation Service
Washington, D.C.

SOMALI POETS

To the Editor: Jeanne Contini's "The Illiterate Poets of Somalia" (*The Reporter*, March 14) is informative, and performs a service in drawing attention to an important part of the world of which too little is heard.

Henry M. Hoenigswald
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

To the Editor: I read Jeanne Contini's "The Illiterate Poets of Somalia," with interest. It showed a sympathetic and intelligent understanding of the present language problem in Somalia.

Joseph H. Greenberg
Visiting Professor of Anthropology
Columbia University

To the Editor: There is not a ghost of a shred of a shadow of doubt that an adaptation of the Latin alphabet is the only thing for the writing of Somali. It will, however, not do to use the Latin alphabet as a person writing English English or American English would use it. There is a careful system of symbols to be used for the transliteration of languages whose speech sounds are quite different from those in any kind of English, even Australian or Jamaican. This is set forth in considerable detail in a description with illustrations of the International Phonetic Alphabet published by the International Phonetic Association at University College, London, W.C. I.

Joshua Whatmough
Department of Linguistics
Harvard University

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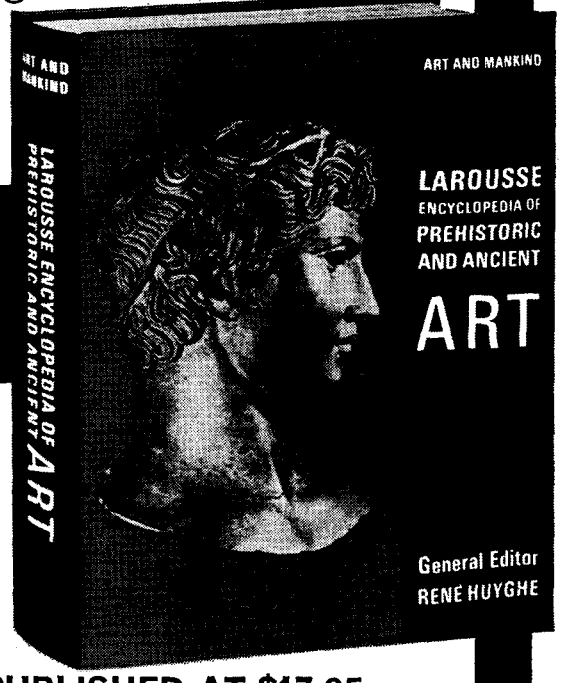

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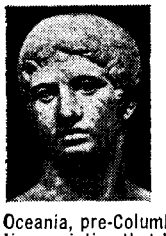

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Clay Report

It is difficult to avoid a sense of bafflement at the brand of realism exhibited by our President on the matter of foreign aid. Flying home from Costa Rica, where with Rooseveltian rhetoric he reaffirmed this country's commitment to less fortunate nations, Mr. Kennedy promptly released the report of his "Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World," which calls for a strenuous effort to scale down that commitment.

The first newspaper stories reported that the Clay Committee, named for the illustrious general who served as chairman, was advocating a half-billion-dollar cut below last year's Agency for International Development appropriations of $3.9 billion—which would mean an even bigger reduction in the $4.9 billion Mr. Kennedy has requested from Congress this year. Later a staff member explained that the committee had intended to apply its criteria only to last year's figures. Though Clay and his colleagues refrained from getting specific about this year's budget, there were delighted reactions from anti-aid congressmen who are eager to get both specific and drastic in hacking away at it. Chairman Otto E. Passman (D., Louisiana) of the House Appropriations subcommittee for foreign aid, who frequently proclaims a desire to abolish the program altogether, suggested that General Clay be awarded a sixth star for his services. Other members, more favorable to aid, ruefully concluded that the President had, intentionally or not, fired a disastrous salvo into his own troops in Congress.

How has it come about? Last December the President established a committee to provide a continuing review of the program. The committee included a number of prominent citizens, most of whom were not known for their experience in foreign-aid problems. Presumably the President believed that the committee could learn by doing. As the report neared completion, there were stories in Washington of a great struggle to tone down the more extreme inclinations of some members. The final version, it is claimed, was a triumph of compromise. For example, instead of a flat denunciation of socialist enterprises, the report warned against giving aid without regard for "The historic form, character, and interest of our own economic system." Aid should not go to government-owned projects which "compete with existing private endeavors"—a proviso that could exclude any foreign imitation of TVA.

One sentiment is glaringly clear. The Clay Committee not only wants an immediate cut in annual expenditures for aid but foresees much greater cuts in future years. The report concludes hopefully: "In the long run, as more and more of the developing countries establish viable economies, there will be less need for extraordinary external assistance."

Perhaps it would be presumptuous to expect a definition of "the long run." In the short run, as far as anyone can see, the discrepancy between the haves and the have-nots appears to be getting greater. The rate at which the developing countries have established "viable economies" should hardly arouse much optimism about the imminence of the day when the job will be over and done with. According to George Meany of the AFL-CIO, the committee's one dissenter, "The report's recommendations on future requirements serve no purpose other than to encourage reduction of AID resources to support present and future projects."

The President's letter of commendation to Clay, while finding the report "very heartening," was very cagey about accepting its advice. "You may be sure that the Committee's recommendations ... will be carefully applied in our continuing review of this program," was its slightly non-sequiturish conclusion.

After all the verbiage with which AID and the Alliance for Progress were launched, the President himself has shown a disposition to cast doubts upon his own creations. Three task forces will reportedly be at work "hunting for flaws" within the aid program. As concrete

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—SEC

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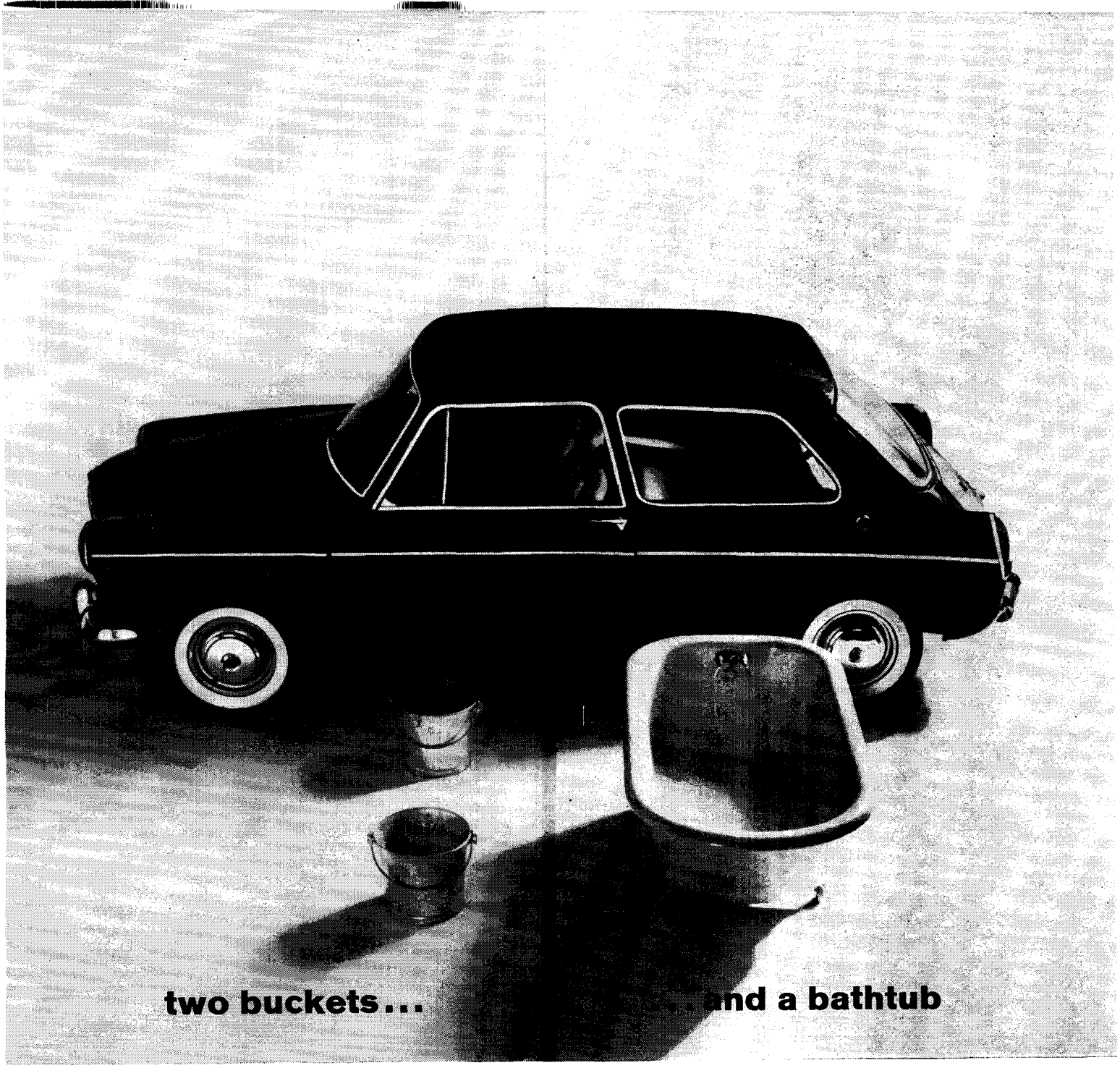

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evidence that this administration means business, aid to Haiti is to be abolished. It was only last year, of course, that the benighted little dictatorship was allotted several million dollars as a *quid pro quo* for its support at the Punta del Este conference in 1961.

The main purpose of all the zigging and zagging has presumably been to make aid less of a target in Congress. (The public, according to Mr. Gallup, already favors foreign aid by fifty-eight per cent to thirty per cent.) But no matter how sympathetic a congressman may be, unless the President is willing to stick his neck out in supporting the program, the congressman is not apt to risk his. Last year, a number of members were girding to fight Passman in the House of Representatives when they suddenly got word that the President had decided to lie low and seek a compromise in its House-Senate conference. The final result was the worst cut since the one handed Mr. Eisenhower in 1958. It was announced in advance that Mr. Kennedy would kick off the foreign-aid debate by voluntarily slicing a sizable piece from his own budget request of only three months ago. It hardly seems the way, to use the President's phrase at San José, to build a wall of dedicated men.

—Douglass Cater

The Tactical Fighters

Last December, Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric wrote a letter to Senator John L. McClellan (D., Arkansas) on the subject of the senator's preliminary investigation into a Pentagon decision to award a potential $6.5-billion contract for development of the TFX (Tactical Fighter, Experimental) aircraft to General Dynamics working together with Grumman, overuling the advice of a military board to give the contract to Boeing. "...We in Defense," said Gilpatric, "appreciate the courteous and professional manner in which your staff has conducted the investigation." Opening the hearings two months later, McClellan returned the compliment. The staff of his Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, he said had enjoyed "excellent co-operation from the Defense Department." It is hard to believe that such courtesies were ever exchanged, given the present exchange of blast and counterblast between the subcommittee and the Pentagon. As the charges fly back and forth each side seems to become more deeply and permanently aggrieved.

Who landed the first blow? And was it foul or fair? To the Pentagon charge that the subcommittee leaked misleading information to the press, committee members replied that they released only each day's hearings and that if the texts were fragmentary they were so only because deletions had been made for security reasons by the Pentagon's own censors. McNamara explained his choice of General Dynamics-Grumman on the grounds that its design for the Air Force-Navy fighter plane was as suitable as Boeing's and that it had the additional advantages of being based on more realistic cost predictions, dependent on fewer chancy technical innovations, and possessed of a higher degree of "commonality"—or common features for the Navy and Air Force versions that would amount to making one plane rather than two. Though the Boeing bid was some $400 million lower, McNamara has maintained that by contracting for a single fighter plane the department might ultimately effect a billion-dollar saving.

With dogged persistence, the subcommittee has set about trying to undo the facts and figures upon which McNamara's judgment was based. Though few are competent to judge the technical facts, the committee indeed appears to have come up with certain errors in the Defense Department's calulations, particularly in a memorandum presented by Air Force Secretary Eugene M. Zuckert that would seem to justify its own inquiry into the decision-making process at the Pentagon, though not the vague insinuations around the Hill (not made by McClellan) of hanky-panky in high places. Perhaps the first blow to the Pentagon was the revelation that the committee was serious and determined to pursue all the inconsistencies it could find.

The Pentagon could hardly have reacted in a way better calculated to worsen its situation. Assistant Secretary for defense for Public Affairs Arthur Sylvester took the trouble to inform the press that all the senators on the committee except Edmund S. Muskie of Maine were prompted by "State self-interest" in the matter —yearning, as it were, to land the contract for their constituents. Having apologized for that statement, he casually informed the subcommittee that "A contract has been let, and an effort is being made by the disgruntled losers to knock the contract down." When, as might have been predicted, Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington) hit the ceiling, Sylvester explained that he had not meant to imply that the hearings were inspired by Boeing's disgruntlement. Jackson, whose allegiance to Seattle-based Boeing had been made much of by Pentagon spokesmen, was soon to be the object of an anonymous briefing given by Gilpatric. It resulted in press stories claiming that the Pentagon had only co-operated with the committee in the first place because it had assurances that the investigation would be perfunctory and that Jackson had to go through the forms to appease the home-town folk. If there is a better way to guarantee that a committee will get tough than to announce that it has promised not to, it has yet to be tried.

The insensitivity of the Pentagon approach to Congress and the glee in some quarters of Congress and the military that McNamara may be finally getting his comeuppance both suggest that the TFX quarrel, like many other quarrels in Washington, is based as much on false images as it is on real grievances. So long as Congress is dismissed as a collection of buffoons and petty larcenists, the military as a collection of parochial small minds, and the Secretary and his civilian assistants as arrogant, computerlike people who have to be put in their place, the battle will continue to rage over clichés and the pointless sense of aggrievedness will continue. It will be a pity, too; for the legitimate questions that have been raised concerning the new procedures for contract awarding at the Pentagon and the advantages and drawbacks of McNamara's own masterful assertion of civilian control will hardly be heard for the high winds.

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The General and the Miners

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE STAKES in the vast labor conflicts that have been unsettling France for the last few weeks are even higher than they seem. Besides putting President de Gaulle's personal prestige to a severe test, the strikes with their accompanying agitation seem to have succeeded, where the professional politicians had failed, in challenging the policies of de Gaulle. The general seems fully alert to the potential seriousness of this challenge. Stimulated as always by an atmosphere of crisis, he has come to grips more earnestly than ever before with the long-range task of giving both coherence and solid substance to the empirical Gaullist revolution.

Like many other things in Gaullist France, the present flare-up of social conflict is at once logical and absurd, exemplary and unique. It is symptomatic of prevalent tensions in western society, and is also conditioned by factors peculiar to French postwar history. France has shared conspicuously in the general western boom since the end of the war, but it took off from a low level. The very pace of economic growth here—the French economy, after the Italian, is now the most dynamic in Europe—has created conditions in some respects closer to those of a rapidly developing new country like Brazil than to those characteristic of an advanced and stable industrial power.

The problem of keeping within reasonable bounds the inflation that usually accompanies rapid economic growth has been a headache to successive French governments—as to many others in the world—for years; the failure of the Fourth Republic to cope with it was an important factor in paving the way for de Gaulle's return to power. Up to now he has been more effective—or maybe luckier—in keeping the growth of the natural economy from getting out of control. Following the modest devaluation of the franc at the beginning of the Gaullist era, prices have continued to rise but wages and other earnings have risen more—prices up seventeen per cent since 1958, wages thirty-five per cent, according to one expert tabulation.

Left-wing economists charge that businessmen and certain professional categories have taken a disproportionate share of the mounting national income, and that far too much of it is being siphoned off to pay for unproductive government programs such as the nuclear striking force (unquestionably a heavy burden on the national economy as well as a powerful stimulant to it) and other prestige expenses. The régime, however, does not ignore the imperatives of the welfare age. The so-called "social budget" for 1963, covering national health insurance, housing, education, and similar programs—including a host of public and private welfare payments—stands at a record $16.3 billion, up more than ten per cent from last year and more than twenty-four per cent above 1961.

Above all, millions of French workers have been able to raise their living standards, despite advancing living costs, out of their increased earnings. They have bathtubs, TV sets, automobiles, and other modern symbols of the good life previously regarded as almost fabulous luxuries in this country. Last year, wages in French private industry rose by 9.4 per cent, while prices, according to Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, rose only 5.2 per cent. In the same period consumption per capita went up by 5.5 per cent, according to a study published by the Paris Chamber of Commerce. (Since the first of the year a steep climb in living costs, especially in rising food prices largely attributable to the severe winter, has threatened the workers' margin of well-being.)

No doubt it would have been better from every viewpoint, as Giscard d'Estaing remarked in a recent lecture at the University of Strasbourg, if the advance in wages had been limited to 4.2 per cent (the increase in productivity) while prices had been held to the 1961 level. Rising payroll costs threaten the competitive position of many French export industries at a crucial moment in the development of the European Common Market, and thereby menace the favorable French balance of trade, which has been a major factor in transforming the formerly ailing franc into one of the world's hardest (or hardest-seeming) currencies. The prolonged and apparently accelerating national buying spree that has

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recently pushed up French imports, probably threatens the franc even more directly. "The French people," Giscard d'Estaing warned in his Strasbourg lecture, "must learn the disciplines of collective growth." Secretary of State for the Budget Robert Boulin was specific about the finance minister's worry. While noting that French industrial production had doubled in the last ten years (the basis of the French economic "miracle") and remained at a remarkably high level, Boulin pointed out to a luncheon meeting of French economic and financial journalists that wages tended to increase even faster. "It is obvious," he said, "that it is impossible to hold down prices if, while achieving a planned annual producton increase of 5.5 per cent in the coming years, salaries, farm incomes, and other private revenues grow by approximately ten per cent a year."

WHILE the government's anxiety to hold down both wages and prices at this time is understandable, it would be misleading as well as unfair to analyze the current social agitation in France solely in terms of the struggle to maintain expansion while curbing inflation. For one thing, though the French working class as a whole has shared substantially in the benefits of expansion, these benefits have not been evenly distributed among different categories of workers. One French employer, the largest in the country, has been particularly remiss in passing them along: the state.

In addition to the hordes of bureaucrats and service personnel that every modern government must keep on its payroll, the French government, largely because of the tumultuous nationalization enacted after the Liberation, exerts a controlling influence in the industrial and commercial sectors of the national economy. Such is the case with the largest banks, the railroads, the telephone and telegraph systems, the electricity and gas system, the tobacco monopoly, the Paris busses and subway, the great Renault automobile works, many of the aviation works, and the coal mines.

Such enterprises, run by the government or under mixed management with substantial government control, employ some ten per cent of the nation's entire labor force. (Counting indirect government employees, the state distributes approximately one-third of the country's pay checks.) Some of the nationalized services or establishments, like Renault, enjoy large autonomy, operate at a profit, and have liberal wage policies based on their high productivity. Others are under tighter bureaucratic control and have chronic deficits.

Support for the Miners

Generally speaking, salaries in the nationalized sector of the French economy are lower than in the private sector. But both the wage scales and the payments in kind or other fringe benefits that figure prominently in French industry vary greatly from one enterprise or category to another. Everyone agrees that the

180,000 coal miners—who because of the dangers, the hardships, and the unhealthiness of their "melancholy profession," as de Gaulle called it in a recent council of ministers, are entitled by law to a privileged position among nationalized workers—are today one of the most underprivileged groups in all France. Spokesmen for the miners' unions claim that a pay raise of eleven per cent is needed for the miners to regain their rightful place in the hierarchy of wages.

There is no doubt that the coal miners—those of the "black country" in northern France and in Lorraine as well as those in the submarginal mining areas of the center or south—have not shared adequately in France's new prosperity. A skilled miner with many years' seniority earns from about $150 to $200 a month. If he has three children he will receive state allowances amounting to approximately $55 more, plus his house—usually an ancient and gloomy one—and various incidental benefits. This is not a decent family budget in present-day France.

It is not surprising that public opinion at the beginning of the strike almost unanimously sympathized with the coal miners, that the Catholic hierarchy in France publicly supported the objectives of the strike, that representatives of local shopkeepers in the mining areas joined the strike committee, and that even right-wing members of municipalities and county councils in those areas voted contributions of public moneys to the strike fund. Other categories of nationalized workers—and some from the private sector like the iron miners of Lorraine—demonstrated or called sympathy strikes to help the coal strike, while preparing to exploit on their own behalf eventual government concessions to the coal miners.

Several factors complicated or embittered the coal conflict, which began merely as a limited warning strike by the coal miners against the National Coal Mines. One is reminded of the automation issue in the New York newspaper strike. Technological progress and other changes in national or international economic patterns doom the French coal mines to at least gradual and partial obsolescence. Not only are they handicapped in the competition with the cheaper U.S. and Soviet coal, but they are suffering more and more from the competition of oil and natural gas, including French-produced oil from the Sahara—one of the apparently irreconcilable contradictions, not so much of capitalism as of the world economic situation today.

The problem is not peculiar to France. It is acute in West Germany and dramatic in Belgium. According to statistics recently published by the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community, the Community's coal and lignite consumption last year accounted for only a little more than fifty-five per cent of the total energy sources utilized, whereas in 1950 it amounted to nearly eighty per cent. Over the same period the consumption of oil as a

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source of energy increased from 12.8 per cent to 33.7 per cent of the energy total.

The need for a common energy policy in the Common Market is widely recognized, but no amount of co-ordination, national or European, can do away with the need for closing down more and more mines and finding other jobs for the miners. The problem is enormous for France: not only are the coal mines faced with obsolescence but the iron mines of Lorraine, traditionally one of the pillars of the national economy, now have to compete in the export market with cheaper, richer ore from Africa and Latin America. Thus in the almost runaway French economic boom of the 1960's two basic industries are steadily declining instead of expanding, and with them two of the richest French regions—Lorraine and Flanders-Picardy—are in imminent danger of turning into depressed areas.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has just started to attack the problem vigorously, but it has not received much co-operation from the unions. The three major unions, the Catholic and the Socialist as well as the Communist-dominated CGT, seem to have been stricken with a kind of paralysis of the imagination. Though there is minimal unemployment in France, and though both the French government and the Coal and Steel Community have ample funds available for relocating and retraining miners, neither the iron miners nor the coal miners—"those brave, proud, hard, and worthy men," as de Gaulle calls them—want to change to easier work, even if it is well paid.

Their unions are doing little toward educating them to the need for readjustment to changing conditions. When the Lorraine iron miners struck and staged a motorized march on Paris early in March, it was less for new benefits than to scare the government into putting pressure on the mineowners so as to halt the laying off of redundant personnel in the interest of increased efficiency and lower production costs. The miners' action was successful, the owners rapidly accepting their terms for returning to work. When one worried steel executive pointed out, statistics in hand, that it was in the ultimate interest of the workers themselves to agree to certain production cutbacks and the closing down of marginal mines, a union official retorted that if the owners weren't interested in operating their mines any longer the government should nationalize them and continue to operate them at a loss if necessary. In the coal industry, among others, the unions have responded with a notable lack of enthusiasm to suggestions from governmental or authoritative Gaullist political circles that they assume a share of the responsibility for planning the future of their members.

Some observers think that they detect signs of a gradual evolution in the attitudes of French union leaders stemming from their increasing participation in the activity of international organizations, notably the institutions of the Common Market, their contacts with the French governmental office for economic planning, and other broadening influences. The orthodox syndicalist doctrine of French labor, as inherited from the class struggles of the nineteenth century, has not yet evolved very far, however, judging from the recent comment of one of the miners' leaders to a friendly journalist: "People should get it in their heads that while we're ready to make ourselves heard at every level, we're not going to be naïve enough to let ourselves be caught up in the decision-making process. It's up to the state to do its own job."

Of course, it is hard to determine how seriously the régime itself takes the often cited Gaullist doctrine of associating workers and management more closely. The present strike crisis has brought the régime face to face with some of the contradictions, gaps, and inconsistencies of its own economic and social policy. In fact, some of these contradictions and gaps were largely responsible for politicizing the unrest in the nationalized sectors of the economy, and particularly for converting the coal strike almost from the start into a national crisis.

Last year the government demonstrated that it was capable of bold and socially progressive modernization when it sponsored, and eventually pushed through the National Assembly in slightly watered-down form, a broad program of agrarian reform. During the campaign for the legislative elections in November, the Gaullist UNR put a great deal of stress in its propaganda on the party's determination to make 1963 a "social year." A little later, when the government allowed the Renault management to offer its workers four instead of three weeks' paid vacation annually, it was widely assumed that the "social year" was beginning in earnest. The hopes aroused by governmental and UNR propaganda, particularly the spectacular gesture by the pace-setting Renault works, undoubtedly helped create the psychological climate for the subsequent rush of demands for pay raises, extra vacations, and other benefits on the part of French labor, particularly in the nationalized industries.

Danger: Bureaucrats at Work

But when the coal miners approached the government in February, confidently expecting a sympathetic hearing for their complaints and demands, they discovered that the electoral euphoria of last fall had been swept away by the developing dread of inflation. Some high officials and members of the government, it is reliably reported, even recommended deliberately forcing a trial of strength with the mine unions, in order to break their spirit and teach a lesson to all French labor. This anachronistic approach to present-day labor problems overlooked the justice of the miners' case, together with the fact that, unlike most sectors of French labor, they had enthusiastically voted Gaullist—at least in Lorraine—in the last elections, and, above all, that the critical shortage of coal reserves that resulted from the cold wave gave them a certain strategic advantage.

Underlying the government's psychological and tactical errors in dealing with the miners' delegates was a startling absence of doctrine and institutional machinery for coping with such situations. Whereas collective bargaining, though no panacea, had proved useful in reducing conflicts in French private industry, this twentieth-century institution had scarcely penetrated into the closed world of the nationalized industries; some hardy spirits in the

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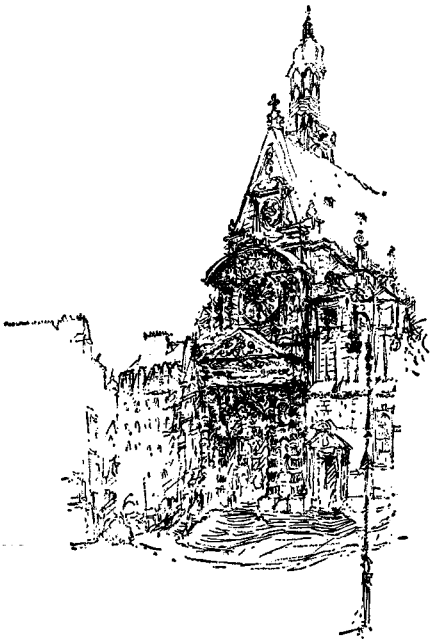
government had only recently launched rather leisurely discussions with the nationalized gas and electricity workers for an experimental contract which, if it proved successful, might serve as a model for the other public enterprises. There was the much-admired central planning commission with its flexible Four Year Plans for regulating the whole national economy, but no central organism—apart from the government itself—for resolving the labor conflicts that threatened to nullify them, no adequately high-level and impartial board of mediation, no office responsible for a co-ordinated energy policy.

In fact, it soon became clear that the French government, though it has been avidly collecting economic data ever since the fourteenth century, lacked accurate and complete information on what it was paying its own civil servants—or for that matter, how it was paying them. (Reports have been published by responsible French journals of such medieval administrative survivals in certain government offices as periodic semi-clandestine distribution to underpaid bureaucrats of supplementary "little envelopes" filled from funds officially earmarked for quite different purposes.)

ALL IN ALL, the early handling of the mine crisis appeared to demonstrate that except in regard to the areas or problems where de Gaulle assumes direct responsibility—Algeria, national defense, the OAS terrorists, the higher reaches of foreign policy, the farm question—public affairs in the Fifth Republic are handled very much as they had been in the Fourth: by the state's *grands commis,* the dedicated, tradition-bound, aloof, arrogant mandarinate of bureaucrats and technocrats. It was the lack of human sensitivity and political judgment peculiar to even the most admirable bureaucracies that caused the services of the ministry of industry to recommend to its nominal chief—and through him to the government as a whole—the disastrous proposal for breaking the coal strike, when it was finally declared at the beginning of March, by requisitioning the mines (including, of course, the miners, though government spokesmen later argued that this had not been the intent).

To anyone familiar with the history of the French labor movement, and particularly with the turbulent role in it of the coal miners, it should have been apparent that what was going to happen was exactly what did happen: a cry of fury from all French workers, charges from every side that the régime was trying to abolish the right to strike, open defiance of the requisition order, and a closing of ranks among Gaullist, Catholic, Communist, and Socialist miners. The only thing that kept the movement from being a purely class struggle was that the strike was more or less actively supported by all but the top echelon of the mine management, by the Catholic Church, and by the whole countryside in the mining areas.



At a cabinet meeting where the plan was discussed several ministers raised timid objections, but here another weakness of the régime came to light. Though de Gaulle spoke movingly about the human plight of the miners, he thought that ending the strike by requisition was justified and necessary. His previous indifference to economic problems has lately given way to a passionate enthusiasm for the French type of centralized but flexible economic planning, curiously allied with rock-ribbed monetary orthodoxy. Once de Gaulle had made clear his position, none of his ministers felt like speaking up vigorously in defense of a contrary view, not even to point out that requisitioning the miners would be a self-defeating means for safeguarding the carefully controlled expansion called for in the latest French Four Year Plan. The result was that on March 2, de Gaulle signed the requisition order, emphasizing his personal responsibility by dating it from his private residence at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises.

Anti-Gaullists rubbed their hands, convinced that in signing what soon proved to be an unenforceable order de Gaulle had signed away his own prestige and with it that of his régime. For a few days it looked as if the anti-Gaullists were right. They may yet turn out to be right, but events since March 2 indicate that the Fifth Republic has the strength of its weaknesses. The cardinal one, somewhat surprisingly, has turned out to be flexibility. De Gaulle himself has demonstrated that he knows how to retreat when retreat is necessary, and his government has demonstrated an unexpected creativeness in improvising not only tactics but administrative machinery for settling the crisis it so lamentably failed to foresee. Despite de Gaulle's supposed preoccupation with prestige, he not only refrained from trying to enforce the requisition order but tolerated a somewhat rowdy demonstration of the Lorraine iron miners on the esplanade of the Invalides, close to the administrative heart of the capital, shouting slogans like *"Charlot, nos sous!"* and even *"Charlot, à la mine!"* Perhaps some of the awe was rubbed off the Gaullist *mystique* in this encounter, but in a curious way the demonstration may have helped bridge the psychological gap between the unofficial monarch in the Elysée Palace and his unruly but not wholly disaffected subjects. As one pro-Gaullist commentator remarked, revolutionary ultimatums do not usually begin with a diminutive.

A Commission Reports

From the long-term viewpoint, one of the most significant steps taken by the government to deal with the strike problem was the creation of a special high-level study group and fact-finding commission composed of

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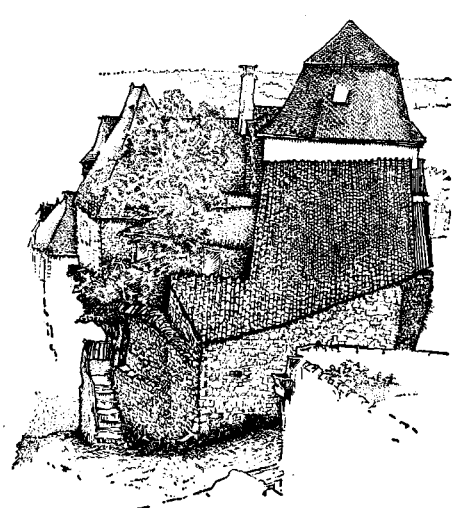
three senior economic advisers headed by Pierre Masse, chief of the government's permanent planning board (which drafts the national four-year economic plans). After intensive study of the available official statistics and consultation with union delegates in the major nationalized industries, the three came up with a series of necessarily sketchy but far-reaching recommendations. Drawing the lesson of the present conflict, their report distributed the blame equally among central government services, management, and the unions. It cited the administrative anarchy and the lack of dependable wage data that complicate labor disputes in the nationalized sector. "We must learn to invent simplicity," said the three factfinders. They likewise stressed the need for decentralized, responsible management in the nationalized industries to replace the "tutelary ministries and managerial staffs with nominal rather than real authority" that now futilely confront the union leaders.

While recognizing that numerous French workers, particularly in the public sector, had not shared adequately in the rising general prosperity, the commission warned against the growing tendency of French labor to insist on aligning all wages with those prevailing in the most favored sector of the economy. The report castigated it as a "slippery slope leading to inflation, to the upsetting of the economic equilibrium, and to the slowing down of expansion." To resolve the implicit conflict between social justice and economic health, the report proposed an ingenious formula that would adapt to the special conditions of the nationalized enterprises the philosophy of profit sharing already prevalent in the more enlightened branches of private industry. Under this formula, the government would negotiate collective "progress contracts" with the nationalized workers, assuring them regular annual increases in pay rates that would represent their share of the rising national income as a whole. These automatic raises would be conditioned, however, on the nation's fulfillment of its economic expansion goals and would be based on ultraconservative estimates on what the economy could afford. Supplementary pay raises, variable and less certain, would be discussed annually between management and workers in each nationalized industry on the basis of that particular industry's achievement for the year—not necessarily in terms of profit but at least in terms of efficient contribution to the nation's economic expansion. To supervise the execution of the proposed "progress contracts," the commission urged the appointment of a high-level, strictly impartial permanent commission, a kind of consultative supreme court for labor disputes, aided by a fact-finding secretariat of experts.

The New Opposition

In the wage disputes now at issue the commission's conclusions were generally closer to the position of the unions than to that of the government. Wages of the coal miners, they found, had progressed about ten per cent less than those in private industry, or eight per cent, taking into account recent reductions in working hours. In the other major nationalized industries, notably gas and electricity and the railroads, the lag was estimated to range from a little over three per cent to nearly five and a half per cent.

Though the government promptly announced that it had adopted the report's findings and recommendations, it seems to have disregarded their implicit conclusion that the miners should be given their "catch-up" raise at once in order to avoid confusion with further increases to be granted eventually on other grounds. Instead the mine management, clearly under government prompting, presented the miners with a complicated schedule of raises starting April 1 with one of 5.77 per cent, and more over the next twelve months to make up a total of 12.5 per cent (originally the government had offered a total of 5.77 per cent stretched out over the remainder of this year).



While the bases for an eventual agreement now probably exist, thanks to the labors of the commission, the immediate effect of its report, at least as implemented by the government, was to aggravate an already tense situation at a time when national reserves of coal, gas, and electric power were approaching a dangerously low point.

BUT PERHAPS even more ominous than the risk of economic paralysis was the increasingly political character of the disputes. Whether or not de Gaulle's prestige has been seriously impaired, the prestige of parliamentary institutions has not been revived in the eyes of the French masses. Apathy was the only reaction to a recent Socialist demand that the National Assembly be convened in extraordinary session to debate the crisis. The whole situation has pointed up the present ghostly role that political parties—including the UNR itself—have in French public life.

On the other hand, the oppositional role of the unions has steadily become more and more apparent. While ostensibly confining themselves to the strictly professional issues, the unions, especially the Communist-led CGT, have in fact been making an indirect but effective critique of various governmental policies—above all the expensive Gaullist program for an independent French nuclear deterrent—and even of the régime itself.

For the first time, the Gaullist government is faced by an opposition. Will this opposition crystallize and prove to be an enduring and effective check on the government? Among the strange phases this country has been going through lately, this is one of the strangest, and the results may prove to be more momentous than the settlement of the current wage dispute.

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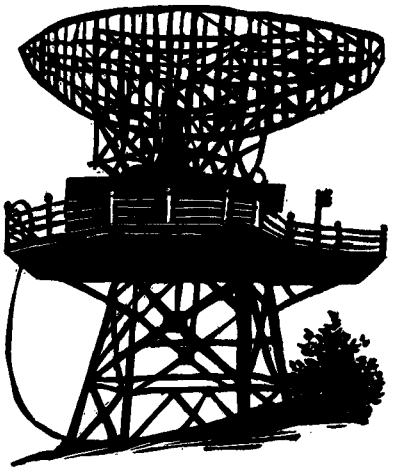

The Scrapping of Skybolt

WARD S. JUST

WASHINGTON

IT SEEMED at best a five hundred million dollar misunderstanding when the U.S. government formally canceled production of the Skybolt missile at the Nassau Conference in December. In the end, Skybolt was thought by many to be just another casualty of the technological revolution. Others ascribed its demise to the New Strategy. Still others looked to politics. How could a government simply "cancel" a half billion dollars' worth of missile?

Skybolt's strategic concept was relatively uncomplicated: a thousand-mile-range ballistic missile released aloft from a B-52 bomber to destroy defenses on the perimeter of the Soviet Union. Once these defenses were eliminated, the bomber would penetrate to the heartland, there to release thermonuclear bombs. It was a brilliant conception, although the control and guidance problems were enormous.

Perhaps most important, Skybolt would prolong the life of the giant U.S. fleet of B-52 bombers, which in the age of the ground-to-air missile were intolerably vulnerable over enemy territory. With Skybolt, a B-52 could stand off fully one thousand miles away to deliver its payload. As it happened, the British had a similar problem with their Vulcan bombers. Planners soon saw that within the framework of the special U.S.-British relationship, Skybolt could serve a dual role.

The first formal agreement between the United States and Britain for Skybolt came in March, 1960, at the Eisenhower-Macmillan meeting at Camp David. The two leaders approved an arrangement whereby the United States would provide Britain with Skybolt (minus its warhead) in 1965 or thereafter on a reimbursable basis. A month later, the British announced that they were canceling their own long-range missile, the land-based Blue Streak. The decision caused a major row in the House of Commons. Did abandonment of the Blue Streak mean the end of the independent British nuclear deterrent?

The Macmillan government insisted that it did not. In June, Harold Watkinson, the British defense minister, journeyed to the United States for a conference with Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates. That meeting resulted in a "memo of understanding" that Skybolt would be developed in co-operation with the British, and that the initial British order would be for one hundred missiles. The United States would make every effort, the agreement read, to complete the project successfully. In September, a financial and technical agreement was signed that contained an obvious "out" for both parties: either could terminate its part in the contract after consultation. It was also agreed that the United States would bear all costs, except those related to the adaptation of Skybolt to the Vulcan bomber. Finally, it was agreed that should the United States withdraw, the British would be free to take over the missile and go it alone.

THERE WERE serious doubts about the early U.S. decision to go ahead with Skybolt's development. In 1959 and again in 1960, independent committees advised the Eisenhower administration to abandon it. Three months before the Camp David meeting, General Nathan F. Twining testified before a House subcommittee that Skybolt was "way out of the blue." Secretary Gates called it "a drawing board proposition."

In October, 1960, barely a month after the U.S.-British deal was concluded, the program was in "jeopardy." According to the reliable *Aviation Week*, only combined Air Force and British pressure kept it alive. And in December, Gates, by then a lame-duck Secretary, met again with Watkinson and told him that Skybolt was having heavy going.

As Secretary McNamara put it later, "The cost history of Skybolt is particularly poor." Air Force estimates rose from $893 million in early 1960 to $1.9 billion in 1961, to a final $2.263 billion last summer. Privately, Pentagon strategists figured the costs at $3 billion, possibly $4 billion.

But the program went forward—haltingly under Eisenhower, strongly under Kennedy, until at its cancellation Skybolt had cost the United States $500 million and the British an estimated $5 million. Testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee in April, 1961, McNamara sounded the first note of real alarm: "All the development problems have not been solved," he said. "Many of them are complex and we cannot predict for certain that the development will proceed so satisfactorily that we will wish to recommend procurement for this system." The record is studded with confronta-

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tions between American and British officials, and the theme always seemed to be doubt over Skybolt. Would it work? Would it work in time? How much would it cost?

None of these doubts was solid enough to terminate the Skybolt project once and for all. Early in 1962 McNamara said that cancellation was not expected. The prime contractor, Douglas, and the prime beneficiary, the U.S. Air Force, were sanguine—and not without reason. Funding for Skybolt had never been adequate (the Eisenhower administration authorized only $80 million for research and development for fiscal 1961, and even cut that back in the last weeks of 1960), and yet the missile seemed to prosper. "Air Force and Douglas Accelerate Skybolt Missile Program," ran an October, 1961, headline in *Aviation Week*. And six months later: "Skybolt Successfully Air-Launched from B-52G." The small type noted that the "second stage did not ignite," but that was a normal failure in so early a test. Despite the skepticism there seemed to be enough chance of success to warrant the additional millions.

For their part, the British were anxious to hang on. No one appreciated better than the Tory government the remarkable arrangement whereby the United States would pay all the costs and Britain would share in the benefits of the most sophisticated missile in the West. It is not so clear whether London recognized that a special relationship has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Macmillan seemed unaware that he had put a major political issue in hock to the strategic planners of the Pentagon.

The New Strategy

U.S. budgetary processes often demand that decisions for the coming fiscal year be made eight to ten months beforehand. Skybolt was already under heavy review in the summer of 1962, although there was as yet no hint that the missile would be dropped. Skybolt had been viewed largely in terms of whether it would work. Planners now renewed their inspection of two other key considerations: Was the missile strategically sound? What was its "cost effectiveness"? In the light of other missiles (both Polaris and Minuteman were moving very well indeed), was Skybolt redundant?

Proponents of the missile argued that it would give the United States a greater mixed-force capability, maintaining options on a "three-dimensional" basis: Minuteman on land, Polaris under the sea, Skybolt aloft. The McNamara planners were not impressed. The Secretary stated the case clearly before the House Armed Services Committee a month *after* the Nassau Conference:

"It has been argued that the Skybolt would be able to extend the life of the B-52 force in an era of increasingly sophisticated enemy air defenses. That is, even if the B-52 would have trouble penetrating enemy defenses, it could stand off at a distance and fire Skybolt. Viewed in this role, it is clear that Skybolt could not make a worthwhile contribution to our strategic capability since it would combine the disadvantages of the bomber with those of the missile." McNamara meant that Skybolt would have the bomber's vulnerability and slow time to target without its accuracy and payload; similarly, it would have the missile's smaller payload and lower accuracy. "Indeed," continued the Secretary, "as designed it would have the lowest accuracy, reliability, and yield of any of our strategic missiles . . ." The Secretary omitted such considerations as Air Force morale or the possibility of Skybolt's possible effectiveness on targets in Eastern Europe or China.

There was still another critical reason which in the end probably counted for as much as all the others: Skybolt simply didn't fit into the New Strategy of the 1960's. Whether it is one of "counterforce" or "nuclear stalemate," its basis is flexibility. Assistant Secretary of Defense Alain C. Enthoven recently put it this way: "Our approach is based on options, deliberation, flexibility, and control." Quantitatively, the McNamara planners argue, it means not more missile systems but fewer; strategically, it means that the President should not have to decide his nuclear response in the first hours of an attack. U.S. missile deployment should be such that he can wait six hours, a day, two days, a week if necessary (and if indicated) as he contemplates when, where, and how we should retaliate. Skybolt does not conform to this view: a Skybolt-laden B-52 bomber must release its weapons within a relatively short time. It cannot hover indefinitely. Minuteman and Polaris, by contrast, are relatively secure; the one in hardened silos, the other under the sea.

A further objection, seldom openly mentioned, was the very real distaste with which many officials here view the independent British deterrent. To these officials, it is no deterrent at all but a fraud.

ALL THESE FACTS were presumably well known by late September or early October, although no final decision had been taken. There seems no doubt that the British were informed ("consulted") well in advance. In September, Peter Thorneycroft—Harold Watkinson's successor at the defense ministry—flew to the United States for conversations. First at Huntsville, Alabama (where he inspected U.S. space installations), and later at the America's Cup yacht races at Newport, Thorneycroft discussed Skybolt with the President. It is reliably reported that the President did not foreclose the issue, but his reports to the Englishman were gloomy.

At about this time, interested persons in the State Department began to hear "murmurs" about Skybolt; so did the Douglas Aircraft Company, which immediately went to the Air Force for more information. Events were moving swiftly until Sunday, October 14. That day, a U-2 reconnaissance plane photographed missile sites near San Cristóbal, Cuba. Eight days later, the President made his nation-wide television speech; a week after that, Premier Khrushchev backed off. The Cuban crisis suspended the Skybolt decision for about three weeks, although the subject remained on the agenda of lower-level officials in the Defense Department. For the United States and for the British, the interruption could not have come at a worse time.

It was not until November 8 that McNamara telephoned Thorneycroft with anything like a definitive statement. The decision, McNamara said, looked unfavorable. Then, incredibly, the British did nothing. As a U.S. official put it: "The matter was

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dropped for weeks. We didn't get in touch with them, and they didn't get in touch with us. The British government didn't do anything; they apparently expected McNamara to come up with a solution."

A number of explanations for the British inaction have been offered. One which is given some credence at the White House was that Thorneycroft badly misread the political portents at home. Another was that the British thought the decision might somehow be reversed. They had very powerful allies: the U.S. Air Force (with its influential Congressional support) and all the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (who argued for Skybolt on the basis that it would give the United States greater missile flexibility) except the chairman, General Maxwell D. Taylor. What was difficult, according to one well-informed Briton, "was determining whether or not the economic arguments were overwhelming or only marginal. If marginal, the very serious British political objections would have been very strong indeed."

Here, the British misread McNamara's mind. The economic arguments were, in fact, compelling. Skybolt was about to enter a phase where continued operation would cost $30 million a month. It would be economically pointless to discontinue it later.

In late November, the Skybolt affair erupted in London. Now, already battered by dissension over the Common Market, over unemployment, and over successive losses in by-elections, Harold Macmillan's government was under fire for surrendering to the Americans.

'If This Be Treason'

The first thought that sprang to many minds—both British and American—was to shelve the decision until spring, when perhaps the British political situation would be more serene. But there was no such possibility. To allocate the money and then not spend it would be folly; the pressures would be enormous, the charge of dishonesty too pertinent. Further, if the administration waited, the cancellation would prove a disruptive factor to the Congressional committees considering appropriations. McNamara expected a difficult time as it was.

President Kennedy did nothing to clarify the situation when he told a press conference about a week before Nassau that Skybolt represented "the kind of engineering that's been beyond us." It was a misleading statement. It is true that the missile had difficulties, but the engineering problems were soluble, given time and enough money. The administration's early attempts to imply that the state of the art had not evolved to the level of Skybolt could have done nothing but confuse the British, since they presumably had information from their own scientists to the contrary. (McNamara, before Congress in January, fought it out along

different lines: strategic and budgetary.) When the planners talked in terms of cost effectiveness, redundancy of weapons system, and diminishing returns, they struck a more responsive chord.

The storm in the United States was minor compared to what broke in England. The jingo press considered the U.S. action almost treasonable. The *Daily Herald* seemed to sum up the attitude: "Suez to Skybolt, it has been a pretty rotten road." At the Foreign Office, reporters heard of the administration's "brutal" treatment of its ally. In the House of Commons, a Tory member rumbled, "The British people are tired of being pushed around."

In mid-November the Nassau meeting was scheduled as a wide-ranging exchange of views between the President and the prime minister. A two-man team from Defense and State had been secretly dispatched to the Continent in the early fall to sound out the possibility of a multilateral nuclear force, but the fruits of their conversations were not expected to ripen so quickly. On the agenda were the Congo, the Sino-Indian conflict, Berlin. Far down the list was an item described as "nuclear matters." The morning of December 18, British Ambassador Sir David Ormsby-Gore flew to Nassau with the President, a close personal friend and a distant relative by marriage. The two had one other common claim: neither knew what the British wanted to do about Skybolt.

The week before, Secretary McNamara had broken away from his desk (the defense budget was by then in full review) to pay a hurried call on Peter Thorneycroft in London. The meeting seems not to have gone especially well. It certainly ended whatever lingering doubts the British may have had on the future of Skybolt.

The first hours of the Nassau Conference were unproductive. The British finally decided to accept abandonment of Skybolt and did not even care to discuss the American proposal to share the remaining research and development costs (expected to run another $100 million), with the British picking up the remainder of the tab. Among other things, it would have been impractical for Britain to await a missile built in the United States by an American company in performance of a contract in which the United States government had no fiduciary interest. What of a strike? asked one official? Would her majesty's government seek a Taft-Hartley injunction? And anyhow by mid-December, Skybolt had been so thoroughly raked over by its critics that British acceptance had now become politically impossible.

It was not until the end of the first day, with the participants working late and long (for Canadian Prime Minister Diefenbaker was due to arrive in thirty-six hours), that the principals began to discuss a workable alternative to Skybolt. The air-to-ground Hound Dog was out; it would have been a humiliating swap for Skybolt even if it could be adapted to the V-bomber. Finally, the British suggested Polaris. The Americans countered with the multilateral force. The Nassau pact was struck.

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Patching Up Russia's Planned Economy

J. M. MONTIAS

KHRUSHCHEV'S ABILITY to immerse himself in any subject he singles out for priority treatment was well in evidence at the November plenum of the Soviet Communist Party's central committee, where he expatiated on all the major organizational problems confronting the Soviet economy. Though he ranged far and wide, a good portion of his speech turned on one overriding issue: how to strike a more judicious balance between centralized controls and local autonomy. The measures he proposed encompassed both the governmental administration, which plans and manages the economy, and the party apparatus, which checks on the fulfillment of plans and assists enterprises in carrying out party directives in the economic field.

Centralization poses problems that every large organization must face, whether it be capitalist or socialist. What makes the issue so thorny in Russia is that centralization is bound up with the totalitarian nature of the régime and its enforcement of a scale of economic priorities that clashes with the preferences of consumers, many of whom would pass up the chance of getting a lot more jam tomorrow if they could have a little more jam today.

IN March, 1957, Khrushchev made the first decisive move toward decentralization when he unveiled his scheme for the "regionalization" of the economy. His project was vigorously opposed by Molotov and other members of the "anti-party group," partly because they feared that decentralization would undermine the authority of the party and partly, perhaps, because their political supporters included many high executives whose power and influence were rooted in the centralized system. The reform, however, was popular among the younger generation of economists in the Soviet bloc who associated hypercentralization with Stalinism.

By July, 1957, Khrushchev had overcome his opposition in the central committee and issued the orders for his change. The principal ministries responsible for operating industries on a nation-wide basis (such as the Ministry of Ferrous Metallurgy, the Ministry of Heavy Machine Building, *et al.*) were liquidated. It was claimed that they had stifled the initiative of plant managers by excessive regulation and policing and that they had formed little autarkic empires within which enterprises supplied each other and minimized their dependence on materials, components, and parts originating in plants attached to other ministries. In their place new local administrative organs, called regional economic councils, were created. By the fall of 1962, more than a hundred such councils had been set up, each subordinate to the council of ministers of the republic in which it was located. The Federal Planning Commission (Gosplan) was still charged with the elaboration of short- and long-term plans for the economy as a whole and with the co-ordination of supply and procurement, but its direct management functions were supposed to be held to a minimum.

Even before last November's plenum, however, the balance had swung once again toward a greater degree of centralization. The regional councils, like the central ministries they had replaced, began to exhibit opportunistic aspirations and to favor the interests of "their" local enterprises by encouraging them to develop their own high-cost sources of supply. To counter this trend, the authorities took steps to compel the councils to give priority to orders received from clients outside the region. When these measures proved inadequate, sales and procurement decisions became more centralized and the rights of the councils were further circumscribed. The British economist Alec Nove has pointed out that only 0.2 per cent of the industrial output of Estonia was planned by the republic's regional council, while the remaining 99.8 per cent of its output was "decided" by Moscow.

In his speech last November, Khrushchev proposed a new measure to discourage "localism": he urged that the 105 regional economic councils should be consolidated into new units averaging about twice their former size. This reform, while it will probably reduce the damage done by autarkic tendencies, may do so at the cost of fraying the ties the local enterprises have formed in recent years with their regional planning authorities.

To cap the trend back toward centralized management, Khrushchev recommended the formation of a Supreme Council of National Economy which would centrally direct and supervise the industrial plans. (This body, it was announced in March, will be headed by Dmitri F. Ustinov, an executive long associated with the administration of the tightly organized armaments industry.)

Back from Decentralization

At last November's plenum Khrushchev also pressed for the creation of separate party organs at federal, republic, and provincial levels to guide and control agriculture and to watch over industry and construction. He was plainly dissatisfied with the inability of local leaders to divide their attention properly between the various problems competing for their solicitude. "When the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. focuses on agricultural questions," Khrushchev asserted at the plenum, "then the whole party leadership—at the provincial, regional, and republic levels—concentrates on that sector of the economy and leaves out of sight problems related to the development of industry and construction."

Moreover, he went on to say, party cadres are not equally qualified to direct work in all sectors. By splitting the apparatus, Khrushchev hopes to eliminate what he calls "campaign making," the periodic mobilization of party forces to grapple with one set of problems to the neglect of all others. From now on, party direction in economic matters may be expected to shift increasingly

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from local leaders to industrial or agricultural trouble shooters who will be sent to lagging regions from Moscow to "deliver the goods."

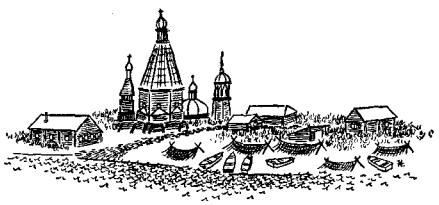
This clarification of the party's role in the economic sphere seems out of keeping with another decision—proclaimed in the plenum's resolutions—to broaden the rights and prerogatives of the directors of enterprises. One way to explain the apparent contradiction is to interpret the party's new role as being that of an instrument for untangling the overlapping functions of regional and central administrations. The lines of command from the central planning organs to the enterprises have become so snarled that party, rather than administrative, channels must be used to convey orders on the relative priorities of production tasks and on the distribution of scarce materials.

STILL ANOTHER important issue aired at the plenum concerned the present system's failure to generate sufficient technical progress "from below." Before the reorganization of 1957, new technology filtered down industry by industry from the ministries in Moscow. But after most of the ministries were abolished, their research facilities were assigned in large part to the planning organs of the republics and to the newly established regional economic councils. What remained was left in charge of specialized branch committees in Moscow which had no executive powers over enterprises. Here again decentralization soon led to autarkic tendencies, failures in co-ordination, duplication of research, and proliferation of processes and designs for new commodities. Khrushchev pointed out at the plenum that until recently there were thirty project-making organizations in the Soviet Union specializing in the construction of tractors. The tractors produced by the largest factories are comparable in performance but vary significantly in the design of their parts. He also criticized the scattering of research and development facilities in the Soviet automotive industry, for which forty different organizations prepare designs and projects.

In this connection, the Soviet premier interjected a few admiring words about the centralization of research and development in capitalist countries ". . . in the automotive industry of the United States of America, design work and ninety per cent of all production are concentrated in three leading concerns—General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler."

A good deal of the feverish designing activity going on in the Soviet Union has only the outward trappings of innovation, since it fails to develop the cost-reducing processes and the product improvement that are needed to prod the economy forward. Research and project-making organizations get little co-operation from industrial enterprises, which resist radical changes in their operations for fear they might cause temporary slowdowns and thus jeopardize their bonuses for fulfilling and overfulfilling production targets.

Khrushchev's solution is to recentralize research and design activity under the leadership of the branch



committees in Moscow. For example, all research institutes concerned with the construction of industrial plants will be merged into a single organization (Gosstroy) which will be responsible for conducting a "unified, centralized technical policy" in its sector. These moves will undoubtedly reduce duplication, although the limited executive powers of the committees and central institutes will probably prevent their overcoming inertia at the plan level. Moreover, the reorganization may actually repress initiative from below, since it would surely be easier for an enterprise to discuss a proposed change with a nearby institute than to run the gantlet of experts' approvals from the regional offices of the branch committee all the way to headquarters in Moscow.

THE URGENCY of reform is heightened by the promises made at the Twenty-second Party Congress in October, 1961, since the vistas of opulence opened up by the program can be realized only if every resource is used to its best advantage. Already agriculture is seriously behind schedule, and industry has trouble delivering the equipment—particularly fertilizers—the farm sector needs to reach its assigned goals. According to Soviet statistics, national income grew by seven per cent in 1961 and by six per cent in 1962, as compared to the ten per cent average rate needed to meet the targets of the first decade. Labor productivity failed to rise according to expectations in 1961. In general, the reduction in the work week has not been compensated for by as great an upsurge in hourly production as had been anticipated.

Worse yet, the country's leaders are beginning to realize that some of the growth may be in the wrong direction. The economy has been traveling for years on the same "rutted road," to use Khrushchev's expression, turning out more and more steel and heavy industrial products, while western industrialized nations were shifting their output toward plastics, light metals, and fine engineering products better able to meet the demands of a rapidly changing technology. More discriminating production programs, even at the cost of slower growth, may be more efficient in reaching the party's twenty-year goals than a feverish drive on all fronts.

Prophesies and Profits

In general, the November plenum must have been a disappointment to the liberal wing of the Soviet economic profession and to their colleagues in the European satellites. Their hopes had been raised by the intelligent debate that had livened the specialized journals and even spilled over into the daily press. Instead of far-reaching institutional reforms, they had to content themselves with a farrago of half-measures.

The problems raised in the debate that were glossed over by the plenum speakers included the nature and role of managerial incentives, the reform of the price system, and the potential benefit of using mathematical methods to improve the consistency and efficiency of the national plans. Most remarkable and widely noted abroad was an article by Professor Y. Liberman, published

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in *Pravda*. He proposed to tie the incentive bonuses paid to managerial staffs to the profit rate earned by each enterprise on its physical assets and working capital. As several Russian economists correctly noted, this scheme could be expected to work only if the irrationalities were eliminated in the Soviet price system—which is administered not by enterprises but by centralized organs. For if prices are out of line with relative priorities, some factory managers will produce goods that are low in priority but high in profits and will neglect the production of low-profit goods that are urgently needed. Prices of industrial materials sold to socialized enterprises are fixed for three to five years at a level designed to cover the average production costs in the industry, plus a small profit margin. But few producers have "average" costs; some will earn a high profit for producing an item, others will suffer a sizable loss. Moreover, costs change rapidly as labor productivity increases at varying paces in the different industries. Since Soviet enterprises operate in a sellers' market and can normally unload almost any merchandise, they are not forced to make much effort at meeting their customers' requirements. To make larger profits, steel mills, for example, are inclined to deliver standardized shapes, rather than incur the costs of adapting their production to customers' specialized demands.

Most western economists believe that prices formed by supply and demand in a free and competitive market tend to produce correct production decisions. Some Soviet mathematical economists claim that with the aid of electronic computers they can set prices centrally that will guide enterprises toward correct decisions. In effect, they propose to calculate the same set of prices that would emerge under the impact of market forces in a capitalist economy if the chief source of demand were the government rather than individual consumers. The computations would simulate the complex adjustments of prices and of quantities supplied and demanded in a competitive market. The solution of this mathematical problem would correspond approximately to a market equilibrium; it would represent the most efficient levels of output and price incentives. But since there are far more goods in the economy than can conveniently be handled by computers, the problem would have to be solved for a limited number of grossly defined groups of products. All rolled steels, for example, would represent one product. The prices for products within each group would then be calculated in proportion to their relative production costs or by further mathematical computation. Since these methods simulate but do not establish a free market, and since they leave undisturbed the present relations between the planning authorities and the lower echelons of the economic hierarchy, they may be expected to appeal to partisans of a centralized economy as an alternative to the diffusion of economic power.

Czechs and Balances

A cautious approach to the general problem of decentralization would seem to be in order in view of the failure of Czechoslovakia's recent experiments in this direction.

Of all the satellites, Czechoslovakia has been the most forceful and systematic in its search for institutional improvement, despite its conservative political leadership. The failure of the Czech experiments cannot be laid to any of those traits of national character—such as self-seeking individualism or fractiousness—that may conceivably have undermined the Polish reforms: the Czechs have earned the reputation of being an industrious, disciplined, and civic-minded people. Yet when an incentive system geared to profits, broadly similar to the one Liberman proposed, went into effect in January, 1959, coupled with rather far-reaching administrative decentralization, the result was a rash of "anti-social" behavior on the part of managers who strove to build up their profits at the expense of their customers and of the economy as a whole. They disregarded priorities of delivery; they turned to production of nonessential high-profit items; they cheated on their cost records and concealed possibilities of future cost reductions when they sought approval for their price estimates for new products; and they took advantage of their accumulated profits to launch pet projects of little significance to the economy as a whole, which they then nurtured with scarce materials and other resources deflected from high-priority centralized investments.

These violations of socialist discipline, plus the confusion that accompanied the decentralization, have recently prompted strong centralizing measures that have all but eviscerated the reforms of 1959. But some of these deficiencies would have occurred even if mathematically correct prices had been fixed by the authorities before the reform. For in an economy as highly developed as the Czech, which generates some eighty thousand new products or product lines a year, price setting cannot be effectively centralized in most industries. In the imperfectly supplied markets that prevail in the Soviet-style economies, decentralization only encourages sellers to abuse their position. The problem is likely to become increasingly grave because as an economy develops and matures in a period of technological change, the relative importance of new products is likely to rise; this makes it all the harder to provide managerial incentives based on profits without giving play to spontaneous forces that tend to thwart the central planners' will.

The Czech lesson suggests that the Soviets may soon be faced with a dilemma. They must stimulate technical progress at the enterprise level, and awards tied to profits seem to be the only all-purpose incentives that can be relied on to stimulate cost-reducing and output-expanding innovations. But the cost calculations on prices of an ever-growing variety of new products can only be spot-checked at higher administrative levels, so that profit incentives will almost certainly encourage price manipulations. It follows that managers will be in a strong position to exact some sort of compensation for the successful research activities of their staff; otherwise research efforts will slacken and techniques will stagnate.

But all things considered, this concession to the managerial class seems a small price to pay if the Soviets want to keep pushing ahead economically in the years to come.

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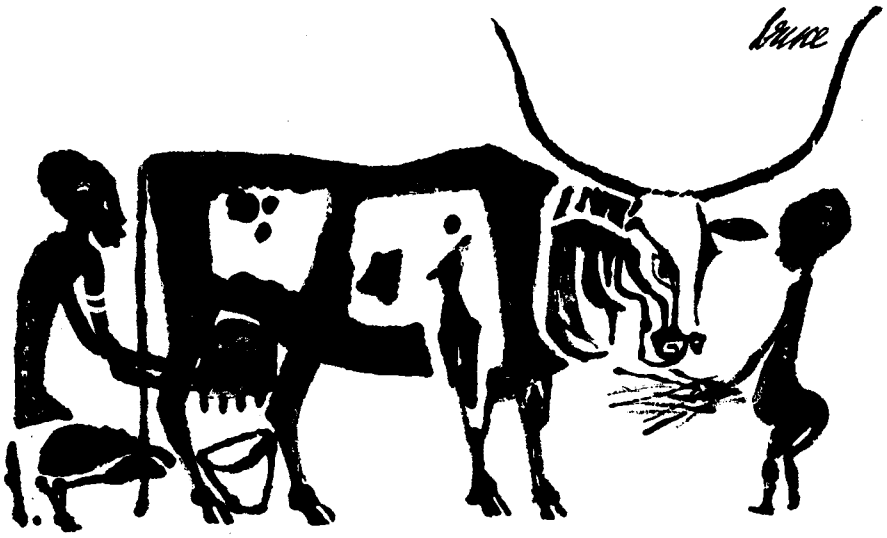

When Will the Congo Be Ready for Independence?

CLAIRE STERLING

LEOPOLDVILLE

NOW THAT Katanga is again part of the Congo Republic, the country can take up where it left off on Independence Day in July, 1960. The long interlude of secession is over, the republic's geographical integrity has been restored, and the government, which could think of practically nothing else until that happened, is free at last to think of everything else that has gone wrong with this sad country.

In some ways, the Congo has made progress since the awful summer of 1960. The army is somewhat more disciplined. The rate of tribal killing has diminished in several provinces, though it is climbing to genocide level again in South Kasai. The government, under Premier Cyrille Adoula's honest and intelligent leadership, is taking on a semblance of authority. Even the fact that the Congo *has* a single government is a major achievement, considering that there were four of them going simultaneously until barely a year ago (Adoula's in Léopoldville, Antoine Gizenga's in Stanleyville, Moise Tshombe's in Elisabethville, Albert Kalonji's in Bakwanga). But this achievement alone has absorbed most of the Congolese politicians' time and nearly all the U.N.'s money—more than $300 million—leaving little of either to spare for measures that might have put the country on the road to recovery. The process of economic and administrative disintegration that began during that first summer of independence has continued unchecked. Its cumulative effect has been shattering.

A traveler arriving in Léopoldville doesn't notice this at once. The 120,000 unemployed here—half the capital's working force—are rarely seen in the European quarter. The food shortage becomes desperate only in the native Cité, where prices have gone up eighty per cent since last year. And though all the city's essential services work, none of them would function were it not for the U.N. experts who man, among other things, the port of Matadi, Njili airport, all telecommunications, the power and water supplies, and, in times of accentuated lawlessness, the police.

Nevertheless, the U.N. has only six hundred technicians in all the Congo, and even with the eight hundred or so Belgian technicians who have stayed or returned, such a force clearly cannot do the work once done by eleven thousand Belgians administering an area a third the size of the United States. Outside the capital, the U.N. staff is thinly spread, mostly among the larger provincial cities. The smaller towns and villages, scattered over many thousand miles of forest and bush, have necessarily been left to shift for themselves. Nearly all have lapsed into ruin.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN difficult, everywhere in Africa, to introduce the cash-crop money economy that is so interesting to Europeans and so alien to African tribesmen. The Belgians had done this very successfully in the Congo, partly by force, partly by persuasion, but mostly by huge infusions of capital and technical assistance. Except on the immense rubber and palm-oil plantations still owned and managed by Europeans, this kind of assistance has vanished from the Congolese back country. There are no experts or funds to fight cattle and plant diseases, to provide agronomical guidance or ensure crop collections, to mend potholed roads or repair trucks for transport, or even to patrol the railroads against raids by brigands or warring tribesmen: because of tribal hostilities alone, eight changes of native locomotive drivers were required on the three-hundred-mile run from Luluabourg to Port Franqui until this stretch of railway, like nearly every other one, was closed down altogether. As a result, there are few lines of communication open between the capital and the back country except by air or river steamboat, no means of shipping and selling the once lucrative cash crops—corn, rice, coffee—now rotting in the fields, and no goods to buy with money even if the crops could be sold. Therefore, few native villagers are bothering any longer to grow more than the manioc and bananas needed for their own families' subsistence. An estimated ten million of them—three-quarters of the national population—have dropped out of the money economy, reverting to the way of life their forefathers were following when Henry M. Stanley first met them.

On the other hand, a select group of about 150,000 Congolese have

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fallen into a way of life that their forefathers never followed. In the anarchy prevailing during the republic's earliest days, those fortunate enough to be in the civil service frequently promoted themselves and raised their own salaries liberally; those in the army could and did extort thumping pay increases from a tottering government; and those in parliament voted whatever they wanted from the public till. Since the summer of 1960, parliament has voted itself three raises in pay, including one of forty-three per cent last December. Apart from free housing, servants, cars, schooling for their children, and $16 a day for every session attended, the average deputy now earns $15,600 a year.

Added to this financial drain are the budgets of twenty-one new provincial governments that were set up last summer, most of them wildly out of balance; Kwilu's, for instance, provides for $20 million of expenditures against $2 million of local revenues. Added to that is an almost total breakdown in tax and customs-collecting machinery; tons of coffee, tea, and palm nuts have been smuggled out of the country over its unguarded borders, and so, until recently, were all Kasai's diamonds, worth $35 million a year.

Not surprisingly, therefore, the central government has been unable to cover more than a quarter of its annual budget. The rest—a deficit that came to $200 million last year and will reach $300 million this year—is being financed by simply printing more paper money. Coupled with this murderous inflationary pressure is an acute lack of hard currency. Though European-owned industry here has held its own unexpectedly well, the drop in exports has caused a foreign-exchange deficit of $94 million in 1962, which will go still higher this year even after the return of Katanga.

It will no doubt come as a shock to many Congolese to learn, after waiting expectantly for so long, that the end of the Katanga secession will not solve their economic problems. Katanga is undeniably rich: its mineral wealth includes a tenth of the world's copper, two-thirds of the world's cobalt, and a fifth of the Congo's own gross national product. But while its foreign earnings come to about $200 million a year, at least a third of that must be used for imports and services required by Union Minière; another third is needed to import food and other goods for Katanga's predominantly mining population; and most or all of the balance over the next two years will go for replacements of the blown bridges and railroads, as well as lost production, that are the fruits of Katanga's secession. Even with luck, the central government cannot hope to get its first foreign-exchange earnings from Katanga until 1965, when by the rosiest estimates they might cover a third of the national trade deficit. Nor can it expect any local revenues from the province much before then. Though Katanga's tax and customs receipts came to $40 million a year, Tshombe's magnificently equipped *gendarmerie* and its five hundred hired foreign officers were very expensive, and so were his personal plans for social security. But U.N. authorities found only $10.38 and a dead mouse in the Bank of Katanga's vaults after last January's take-over. Further inquiry revealed that the prodigal state of Katanga had itself been running a deficit for the past eighteen months, had not even been able to pay its foreign officers for some time. (These soldiers of fortune have been called "mercenaries" throughout the world—perhaps a rather strange word when applied to military men in a country where the native soldiers themselves have taken advantage of every opportunity to ask for more cash, and where even the best U.N. contingent, the Gurkhas, have a tradition that can scarcely be compared to that of Cromwell's volunteers.)

The Dropping of Tshombe

The plight of the underpaid "mercenaries" in particular suggests why the Katanga *gendarmerie,* though bigger and better-armed than the U.N. force, offered no resistance to speak of in this final military engagement, whereas it had put up quite a good fight in two previous rounds (September and December, 1961). One cannot help wondering why, after investing upwards of $100 million in Tshombe, Union Minière should have allowed this to happen. The simplest answer is that this colossal mining company may no longer have found Tshombe worth it.

There has always been something puzzling about Union Minière's readiness to underwrite Katanga's secession. Several other great international companies have gotten along perfectly well in the rest of the Congo, even at the height of chaos. Unilever, for instance, whose $60-million holdings here include a palm-oil plantation the size of all Belgium, has scarcely lost a day's production since 1960. "We have always had excellent relations with every government in power here," says its spokesman; *"every* government, including Gizenga's and Lumumba's." This has also been true of Union Minière's parent holding company, the Société Générale, which has extensive Congolese investments. Even the head office of Union Minière in Brussels is said to have been divided in opinion over the Elisabethville adventure. Still, there were strong and genuine sentiments for secession among Tshombe's Lundas and the terrible Godefroid Munongo's Bayaka tribesmen; and it might have been tempting for Europeans on the spot to envision a prosperous, orderly enclave sheltered from the stormy waves of Congolese politics and Pan-Africanism.

Nevertheless, many aspects of the situation had changed as of this January. For one thing, the enclave wasn't so orderly: aside from repeated clashes with the U.N., preparations for a scorched-earth policy, and a growing unruliness that threatened to get out of hand, Tshombe's 22,000 gendarmes were busily engaged in driving out—and wiping out—the

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Balubas, traditionally the Union Minière's best workmen. For another, Kenneth Kaunda's accession to power in Northern Rhodesia had carried the Pan-African wave right across the rest of the copper belt to Katanga's door—which didn't seem to bother Rhodesia's big copper companies but did make their continuing backstop support for Katanga problematical. Furthermore, business wasn't good for Union Minière: not only were its dividends falling steeply (from $41 a share in 1959 to $16 in 1961), but so were world copper prices—making it advisable to trim unnecessary expenses and possibly even close down some mines. Finally, the Belgian government's relations with Katanga had become bad after the Socialist Paul-Henri Spaak became foreign minister. It was Spaak who worked with the British and the Americans to draw up the U Thant plan for Katanga's reintegration; and though he wasn't very popular with mining officials, he tried earnestly to impress upon them the urgency of making peace with Léopoldville while they still had a reasonable premier to deal with—which might not be for long.

Adoula's Achievement

The fate of Adoula's government was probably the most pressing consideration behind the U.N.'s final push at Christmastime. Of course there were others: the scheduled withdrawal in April of India's six thousand troops, a third of the U.N. force; the fact that the U.N.'s $10-million-a-month military budget was going to run out in June; the fear among a number of African and Asian nations that their unity might break up—a fear that made them all cling to the U.N. Yet none of these compared in gravity with the danger for all if Adoula should fall.

In the nineteen months since Adoula was elected unanimously by the Lovanium parliament, he has done more than anyone had thought possible to form a coherent government. By any but Congolese standards, it might not seem like much. Yet he has managed, quietly and almost effortlessly, to liquidate both the Stanleyville and Bakwanga secessions. (The pro-Communist Antoine Gizenga, whose rule had once spread over nearly half the Congo, is in jail now; the self-proclaimed Emperor Kalonji is in Switzerland.) He has made an operative agreement with the U.N. to prepare the way for a comprehensive program of reconstruction. He has reached a settlement to end diamond smuggling, set up a monetary council to control the country's chaotic finances, and drawn up an austerity program for submission to parliament.

Also, from the western point of view, Adoula's temperate policies have been a great relief. Where his

predecessors had been willing protégés of one or another partisan African bloc, he has established friendly relations with all of them. Where others have made imperious and impossible demands on the U.N., his own demands have been at least plausible if not always feasible. And though almost anyone else in his place would by now be playing the profitable Nasserian game of pitting the Russians against the Americans, he has refused flatly to do anything of the sort.

Nevertheless, Adoula is a lone operator who keeps even his most essential collaborators at arm's length. There is a mutual respect but no intimacy between the premier and the powerful Binza group —Mobutu, Bomboko, Mendoka, Ndele—controlling the army, the foreign office, the Sûreté, and the central bank. He is not popular enough to dominate the Congolese parliament, assuming that anyone could. Reconvened at Lovanium after months of patient diplomatic labor, this is the same parliament whose deputies were auctioning themselves off to the highest bidder in the summer of 1960, and they haven't changed. In the rare intervals when they have paid any attention to the nation's affairs, these deputies have refused to consider such pressing matters as the new federal constitution (drafted since last September) or Adoula's austerity program. Primed with Gizengist and Tshombe money, they have concentrated instead on taking pot shots at the government.

By last December, the shots were landing very close to home. Three times in that one month, a substantial parliamentary majority voted against the government—one of the votes being a unanimous demand for Gizenga's release. A fourth such vote could hardly have failed to bring Adoula down.

A Troubled Future

There is not much doubt that the U.N. saved Adoula just in time by giving him Katanga, and that it meant to. Many people have disapproved of this operation because, however few lives were actually lost, the U.N. is not supposed to be in the killing business. Nevertheless, the U.N. mission here did have a Security Council mandate to "use force, if necessary, as a last resort" —if not specifically to end the Katanga secession, then at least to clear all foreign advisers and mercenaries out of the province, which came to the same thing; and by the time force was used, it was a last resort, for the U.N. as well as Premier Adoula.

Whether or not the U.N. should be in the killing business, it was certainly never supposed to be in the business of running a country. It was only with the greatest reluctance that Dag Hammarskjöld let the U.N. get so entangled in the Congo—and only after he realized that no country or group of countries would shoulder this alarming responsibility. Once entangled, the U.N. mission here has inevitably taken on the role of a surrogate colonial power, with all

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of the burdens that implies and none of the compensations. Though anxious to disengage, it has been powerless to do so until the colony showed signs of some capacity to stand on its own feet. In an effort to generate anything of the sort, the U.N. has gotten in deeper and deeper, to the point where, in Katanga, it could no longer afford to stand still, let alone retreat. Adoula was the sole reward the U.N. had for two and a half years of excruciating diplomatic, military, and political labor. If Adoula fell, it would once again be up to the U.N.—for surely no one else would do it—to bring some semblance of order out of the same kind of confusion that had prevailed here in 1960.

Not, of course, that everything is going to be all right simply because Adoula's position has been strengthened. In getting Katanga back, the government has lost its best excuse—utter absorption in the problem of *getting* Katanga back—for failing to resolve the Congo's other problems. As soon as the present national euphoria has died away, Adoula is apt to be the target of still more deadly parliamentary pot shots, if there is any parliament to take them. Having been sufficiently strengthened by the U.N.'s Christmas present to send parliament on vacation, Adoula may decide to keep things that way: the talk in Léopoldville now is that he will reconvene the legislature in the harmless form of a constituent assembly to study the new constitution, or simply neglect to call it back at all.

One way or another, the premier will have an appalling job on his hands, and so will the United Nations (and the United States). There is, first of all, the question of completing Katanga's reintegration, but with firm and yet flexible ties. Somehow the Congo is bound to give itself a new federal structure replacing the tight, centralized unity of the so-called "fundamental law." Then there are the goals of stamping out tribal wars and ritual killings, of molding a trustworthy army, of getting trucks and trains running again, of instilling a sense of nationhood among fourteen million people belonging to three hundred different ethnic tribes. There is everything to be redone in this vast, unhappy, prostrate country—financially, economically, administratively, politically, psychologically; and it must be done in an atmosphere still full of distrust. Caught in the crossfire of so many conflicting interests—Belgian, French, British, American, Russian, African, Asian—the U.N. has not always been forthright in its Congo policy. Members of the present Congolese government have not forgotten the early days when heavy Afro-Asian pressure led U.N. officials to favor Patrice Lumumba against them—or the later days when, because of the same pressure, the U.N. refused to give any military assistance for the suppression of Gizenga's mutinous army and illegal Stanleyville government.

Phase 2 for the U.N.?

Neither, on the other hand, will it be easy to persuade the U.N.'s wealthier members to finance Phase 2 of its operation here. There is no question of the necessity for a Phase 2: the U.N. could not leave the Congo today without acknowledging a stunning defeat and causing great human suffering. It will evidently have to stay until the Congolese are self-reliant enough to make its departure possible. While that is apt to take a long time in any case, the time would stretch out unendurably without a program of technical assistance more comprehensive and expensive than any in history.

The first estimate of what it might cost to set the Congo on its feet came to $100 million a year for the next four or five years. After making a survey on the spot, Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland raised the figure to $175 million. But considering the country's need for massive quantities of practically everything—from emergency food shipments to foreign currency to budget supports to a minimum of five thousand French-speaking technicians and schoolteachers at about $2,000 each a month—even that amount will probably prove inadequate; and it would not include the U.N.'s military budget, which might be lowered now, but not by very much. If the U.N. really intends to pull most or all of its troops out of the Congo soon, as it says it does, it could only withdraw at the risk of flaring tribal warfare and, in Katanaga, of savage reprisals.

True, the situation would be different, indeed the course of events in the Congo since the country suddenly acquired its independence would not have been anything like what it has been, if the western powers had acted with foresight, as President de Gaulle suggested to Prime Minister Macmillan and President Eisenhower before the explosion occurred when the Belgians withdrew. But the explosion *did* occur, and there was no united action by the western powers to guide the unfortunate country on the path to independence. The buck was passed to the U.N.

At present, since the West is more divided than ever, and since no one else is volunteering to underwrite this monumental project of reconstruction, the biggest share of the financing will no doubt fall to the United States; and no doubt some senators will find the bill outrageous. The question, however, is not whether we should go on propping up the Congo but what else we could possibly do. Admittedly we might try, just once, to pass the buck to the Russians; the picture of Khrushchev floundering through the Congo is not without its attractions. But whether or not the Russians remember their harrowing experience here in 1960, they may not care to take on a country twenty times bigger and immeasurably more chaotic than Cuba. Even if they did, how many American congressmen are willing to let them try it?

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Canada Goes to the Polls

HOMER BIGART

WASHINGTON, having played a more or less prominent part in the coming Canadian election with its outspoken statement of January 30 that hastened the downfall of the Diefenbaker government, is watching the campaign with growing apprehension. Every Canadian is convinced that the Kennedy administration wants to see Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Progressive-Conservative Party defeated on April 8 and replaced in power by the Liberals under Lester (Mike) Pearson. But Pearson is no shoo-in.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker, wrathful over what he calls "unwarranted intrusion" by the United States, said in his first campaign speech that he will never allow Canada to be "a storage dump for nuclear weapons." Mr. Pearson overcame his reservations and after long hesitation declared that Canada must honor a commitment made in 1958 to accept nuclear weapons. There are two minor parties of consequence: the leftist New Democratic Party, which is passionately anti-bomb, and the unpredictable Social Credit (Socred) Party, which is deeply split on the issue. Robert N. Thompson, the titular Socred leader, is inclined to accept "defensive" nuclear warheads, but his powerful deputy, Réal Caouette, the boss of the dominant Quebec faction of the Socreds, cries: "Nuclear Weapons, No! Bread and Meat, Yes!" Finally, the minuscule Communist Party, still legal here, urges support for the New Democrats, condemning the Liberals as "the party of the Americans."

THE COLLAPSE of the Diefenbaker government had been imminent for some time. It had ruled as a minority government since the inconclusive election of June 18, 1962, when the 208 seats captured by Diefenbaker in his great sweep of 1958 shrank to 116 of the 265 seats in Commons. Months of legislative paralysis preceded the dissolution of the Twenty-fifth Parliament. Diefenbaker seemed incapable of decision. In late January, a smoldering cabinet revolt over defense broke into the open. Defense Minister Douglas Harkness wanted nuclear warheads. Howard Green, the minister of external affairs, stood resolutely opposed. Green, a white-haired idealist who had never been outside Canada until 1959, when Diefenbaker astonished everyone by naming him foreign minister, earnestly believes that Canada's destiny is to lead the world speedily to disarmament and perpetual peace. To do this, Canada must seek a more independent role and, above all, maintain its "nuclear virginity" by spurning all warheads. Green distrusts Washington, suspecting that the United States has an overpowering temptation to act "the bully in the schoolyard," especially toward Cuba. A close personal friend of Diefenbaker for twenty years, Green probably stiffened the prime minister's refusal to honor the defense commitments.

The Harkness-Green split had just come to light when the State Department innocently dropped its bombshell of January 30. The rapid sequence of events that followed the Washington statement, however, prompted the notion that the State Department had deliberately torpedoed the government. Diefenbaker did all he could to foster this suspicion. At the formal opening of his campaign in Winnipeg, where he got his biggest ovation by pledging that Canada would never be a storage dump for nuclear weapons, Diefenbaker went on to say that Canada had taken over the greater proportion of the radar early warning system from Americans because "We want Canadians to be in control on Canadian soil." And the vast crowd that had kicked in a door fighting for space inside the civic auditorium shouted approval as the prime minister, in the full passion of oratory, cried: "If that's an offense, I want the Canadian people to say so."

Out in Vancouver, Howard Green froze in angry astonishment when he spotted an American vice-consul at a PC rally. "I don't like the idea of the U.S. State Department following us around," Mr. Green said. "I wonder how the Americans would like it if a Canadian official followed a U.S. candidate around." Canadian newspapers had fun with this. The Toronto *Globe and Mail* ran a cartoon showing President Kennedy sitting in a PC audience, quietly taking notes, while up on the platform Green turns to the chairman and whispers: "Who let HIM in?"

Canada for the Canadians

Competing with Diefenbaker on the anti-American line is a Glasgow-born, Chicago-educated former socialist premier of Saskatchewan,

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T. C. Douglas, whose mildly socialist New Democratic Party (NDP) drew more than one million votes last June although it wound up with only nineteen seats and was the smallest party in Commons. This time Douglas hopes for thirty seats. The NDP has the support of labor, the intellectuals, the ban-the-bombers, and, to the embarrassed dismay of Douglas, the Communists. Planting his kiss of death, Communist leader Leslie Morris said he liked NDP for its total rejection of nuclear arms and because it opposed the Liberals, who would "turn Canada over to the Americans."

DOUGLAS is a refreshing personality to many Canadians who are bored with Diefenbaker and Pearson and appalled by Réal Caouette. According to Gérard Pelletier, editor of *La Presse* of Montreal, Canada's largest French-language newspaper, there is a definite trend of the middle class to Douglas in Quebec Province. Pelletier said Douglas was winning this French-Canadian support largely because of his plan for dealing with the grievances of the French-speaking minority. Douglas frankly admits that Canada is two peoples, two cultures, two nations—English-speaking Canada and French-speaking Canada. He would set up a Confederation Council that would secure for the French equal rights with the English Canadians in all parts of Canada.

Like Diefenbaker, Douglas keeps insisting that he is not at all anti-American. But the realities of politics oblige him to sound more Yankee-baiting than the prime minister. He is considerably to the left of the other candidates and his hatred of nuclear weapons is much more intense. And as a crusading socialist he is darkly suspicious of the extent of American ownership and control of Canada's industry.

Douglas is a slight five foot six, and except for a disconcertingly toothy and enduring smile quite unexceptional in appearance. But he can move an audience to tears with descriptions of children living under the threat of a nuclear holocaust. He can also descend to the gutter. He once intimated that Pearson was a stooge of the United States and challenged the Liberal leader to reveal what campaign funds he had received from American-owned companies.

I heard Douglas speak at an NDP rally in a middle-class residential district of Toronto. Two lassies in kilts piped him to the stage of a high-school auditorium that was comfortably filled despite a bitterly cold night. "I want to see Canada controlled by Canadians," Douglas

said. "Surely the time has come for us to do something about being masters in our own house. I'm not blaming the Americans. I'm blaming ourselves. In the lush years of 1956 and 1957 the Liberal Party, instead of cutting the trade deficit, accepted foreign investment. Sixteen years of mortgaging our country, piece by piece, has brought us to the point where the control of our economic destiny is slipping from our hands."

After discussing Canada's economic thralldom, Douglas warned that political domination inevitably followed economic domination. "Now, here is the State Department intruding in a great domestic debate in this country. The question of nuclear arms will be settled by the Parliament you elect April 8, and it will make its decision with no interference or advice from any nation in the world."

Douglas's remarks drew warm applause but no cheering. Proceeding to a highly emotional climax, he voiced suspicion that the defensive nuclear weapons the United States was pressing Canada to accept would be followed within six months by the demand that Canada replace these "obsolete" weapons with intercontinental ballistic missiles.

"Along this road lies insanity, human destruction!" Douglas cried. "If ever we need the salt of sanity, we need it now. Stand up and protest this march to destruction!"

It is one of the ironies of this campaign that Diefenbaker, the Tory leader, and Douglas, the socialist, see eye to eye on two major issues: the dangers of American economic penetration and the dangers of accepting nuclear weapons. Douglas would go further by banning nuclear weapons for the Canadian forces in Germany and by withdrawing from the Atlantic Alliance if NATO becomes a multinuclear force.

Pearson is vulnerable on the defense issue because until recently he was strongly anti-nuclear. Both Diefenbaker and Douglas have taunted Pearson on his sudden conversion. Pearson's equivocations on the acceptance of nuclear weapons were defended editorially in the Montreal *Star* on the ground that the Liberal leader could not have known the extent of Canada's commitments until January, when former NATO Supreme Commander Lauris Norstad told a press conference in Ottawa that Canada would not be fulfilling its commitments unless it accepted nuclear weapons for its armed forces in Europe. Then, "When faced with the nasty fact of our commitment [Pearson] was willing to live up to it and willing to face the domestic consequences," said the *Star*. "Was that inconsistent, or was it the act of a man whose love of peace has not destroyed his honor?"

PERHAPS Norstad's comments marked a "watershed" in Pearson's thinking, as the *Star* suggested, but the Liberal leader seemed hesitant at first to risk shedding the anti-nuclear voters. He made a fuzzy statement that his opponents interpreted as meaning that a Liberal government would take the nuclear weapons today and negotiate a non-nuclear role for Canada tomorrow. This, said Minister of Agriculture Alvin Hamilton, was like "marrying a girl at night and kicking her out of bed in the morning." Eventually Liberal policy was straightened out: the nuclear warheads would be retained "for some time ahead."

Pearson, during his first speeches of the campaign, managed to give a clear and firm presentation of this policy, but it was obviously not an issue that would stir wild enthusiasm. Besides, it was difficult for

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him to blast Diefenbaker's indecisive fumbling over a matter on which he himself had shown long hesitation. A man of intellectual integrity, Pearson was willing to cite the issue only as one example of Tory muddling and then passed on quickly to his central theme, the need for firm, decisive, and stable government.

OTHER problems beset the Liberal leader. Despite his international reputation as a brilliant diplomat, Pearson has never developed a corresponding stature at home. He is a dull speaker, stiff and self-conscious on the platform, and he is less than dynamic on the TV screen. He hates to give glib answers to complicated questions, so his speeches often lack the oversimplification essential to a good campaign harangue. In a small gathering Pearson is a man of personal charm; on the hustings he has great trouble getting through to the people with his facts and logic. His timing was bad. At Rimouski, in an economically depressed region on the lower St. Lawrence River, the crowd wanted a promise of jobs. Instead, Pearson gave them the stable-government speech. At Quebec City, a stronghold of Caouette and his French wing of the Social Credit Party, Pearson delivered a forceful attack on Social Credit, denouncing its leaders as charlatans. It was a brave thing to say, but nearly half the audience drifted out of the armory while he was saying it.

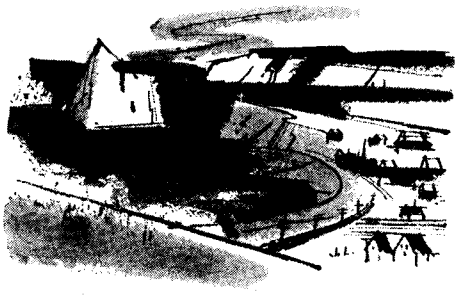
The Liberal Party of Quebec had lined up twenty-two radio stations to cover the rally. Heavy snow, if not apathy, held the crowd to under two thousand in a hall where two weeks earlier four thousand had assembled to hear Caouette. By the time Pearson got on the air, the network had broken off and only two stations remained to carry his remarks.

Everything seemed to be going wrong. Public-relations men surrounding Pearson urged him to adopt some questionable gimmicks from American politics. He sent a "truth squad" after Diefenbaker, but the squad was disbanded within a week after encountering solid hostility at Tory rallies. A "coloring book," crude, unfunny, and in deplorable taste, also backfired on the Liberals.

A basic fault of Pearson's campaign was overcomplacency. He seemed to be running as though he were already prime minister, as though the election were merely to assure him a comfortable majority in Commons. Meanwhile, danger signals were flying all over the country. A Gallup Poll showed that forty per cent of the voters thought Diefenbaker the strongest leader for Canada, against thirty-three per cent for Pearson, although the Conservatives, as a party, got only only thirty-three per cent compared with the Liberals' forty-four per cent. Pearson's advisers urged him to refrain from personal attacks on Diefenbaker and stick to the need for strong, stable government. As the campaign entered the final stretch, the feeling of optimism at Liberal headquarters changed to one of concern. Pearson's remaining speeches were attuned to the nation's somber mood.

Pearson was reported surprised and worried by Diefenbaker's "violently anti-U.S." comments, which he felt had helped the prime minister score deeply on the nuclear arms issue. He planned to denounce Diefenbaker's remarks as "throwing poisoned darts at one's closest friend," the Toronto *Globe and Mail* reported.

PEARSON was at his best at a rally I attended in Cooksville, Ontario, early in March. This former Tory rural stronghold had swung



over to the Liberals in last year's election, mainly because of the influx of Toronto suburbanites, and the Liberal leader was assured a big, receptive crowd. The local organization seemed in funds: roses were distributed to women guests, and the front of the school auditorium was lined with potted yellow chrysanthemums. Generally, Canadian political rallies are uncompromisingly Spartan: no flowers, only a few cardboard slogans.

Pearson spoke with a slight lisp, accenting his main points with choppy gestures rather like Kennedy's. As in the Maritime Provinces a few days before, he gave a watered-down Churchillian blood-sweat-tears pledge that Canada would emerge from its present "economic mess" only by hard work and by postponement of social welfare programs until after the economy revived. But he sweetened the pill by promises to extend the "baby bonus" past the age of sixteen. Canadian parents currently receive a family allowance of six dollars a month for each child up to ten years of age, then eight dollars to sixteen years. In Canada, politicians don't kiss babies, but give them money. Pearson defended the baby bonus as "an investment," not a handout. He said he wouldn't spend a cent except for investment programs that would get the country moving.

Stable, responsible government was the first priority, Pearson said. "People say I am not a dynamic speaker. I do not move people to laughter or tears. But if I am elected, a government will be formed in Ottawa that will be dynamic in action, and that's more important than being dynamic in talk."

He began to speak with feeling only when he turned to his familiar field of Canada's relations with the world. Denying that he was a stooge of Washington, Pearson said that as external affairs minister he had always spoken up whenever he felt the United States was wrong. "I did not get the reputation of being anybody's satellite," he said. "But 'Canada First' does not mean going around with a chip on the shoulder. It may be fashionable to criticize the United States and pluck feathers from the eagle's tail, but it is a dangerous game, particularly for Canada."

Having demonstrated that he wasn't "soft on Americans," Pearson ridiculed Diefenbaker's argument that nuclear warheads could be flown up quickly from the United States if they were ever needed. "It takes seventeen minutes for nuclear missiles to reach Canada from Asia," Pearson said. "This isn't much time

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in which to reach an agreement with the United States."

Next day, Mrs. Pearson announced that she was quitting as honorary sponsor of the Voice of Women (VOW) because the organization was becoming too belligerent in its opposition to nuclear arms and "this was not the case when I first became associated with it." To this, Mrs. Therese Casgrain, national president of VOW, retorted that "Our purposes are exactly the same as they were when the VOW was founded in 1960: to support all efforts to develop peaceful means of solving international problems, to promote mutual respect among nations, and to oppose the spread of nuclear arms to countries not now having them."

The Tory Truman

That night I caught up with the Progressive-Conservatives in Vineland, on the Niagara Peninsula, not far from the U.S. frontier. The peninsula is hallowed ground to all Canadians, for it was here that a major invasion attempt by the Americans was soundly defeated during the War of 1812. Every Canadian schoolboy knows the details of how "unprincipled aggression met its due reward," how the defenders routed superior American forces at Stoney Creek, held their ground at Lundy's Lane, and eventually won the war on the Niagara Frontier. Although the invasion no longer stirs bitterness, the peninsula seemed a good forum for Diefenbaker to air his anti-Americanism.

The atmosphere of the Tory camp was one of growing optimism. Enormous crowds had lifted Diefenbaker's spirits, restored his confidence. He was running a whistle-stop campaign reminiscent of Harry Truman's in 1948. Like Truman, Diefenbaker made political capital of the fact that most of the newspapers and some allegedly powerful and sinister interests were arrayed against him. The prime minister even borrowed a Truman campaign slogan: "Everybody is against me but the people." Canadians can work up a passionate enthusiasm for underdogs, and the prime minister was playing the underdog role to the hilt.

He seemed formidable and steady as he faced an audience of three thousand in Vineland. He has a remarkable stage presence. He is a back-country Baptist from Saskatchewan, a teetotaler, a pillar of scowling righteousness, a trumpet voice of Canadian nationalism. He can play on his listeners like a skilled evangelist, evoking great surges of emotion with the simple clichés of jingoism: "I believe in Canada"; "The prime minister of Canada's first responsibility is to look after the welfare of Canada."

Diefenbaker assailed *Newsweek* for a critical cover story. His jowls quivered in pink indignation as he accused his political enemies in Ottawa of supplying material to "a foreign magazine sent to destroy me."

He defended his position against nuclear weapons by declaiming, "Our stand is a stand for Canada," and ridiculed the position of Pearson who, he said, was "willing to marry nuclear weapons with the understanding they will have a divorce afterward."

The crowd listened attentively. There was some heckling and some cheering, but this is a politically mature and sophisticated region and most of Diefenbaker's listeners gave no indication of how they would vote.

Most Canadian political experts believe that the Liberals will score heavily in Ontario, picking up sixteen additional seats at the expense of the Conservatives, but that the Tories will retain the prairie provinces. Quebec holds the key to the election. There, the disenchantment of French Canadians with the two major parties was reflected in the astonishing rise of the French wing of the Social Credit Party, which captured twenty-six of the province's seventy-five seats last June against thirty-five for the Liberals and fourteen for the Conservatives.

Quebec is witnessing a disturbing revival of secessionist agitation. The militant new French-Canadian mood finds extreme expression in three separatist groups, the Parti Républicain of Dr. Marcel Chaput, Le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendence Nationale (RIN), and L'Alliance Laurentienne. Dr. Chaput, a chemist who resigned from the national Defense Research Board, has urged his followers to vote for those candidates believed sympathetic to separatism. The RIN urges a boycott of the federal election. L'Alliance Laurentienne has remained aloof from politics.

The Liberals' chances of winning a clear majority in parliament rest on the thin hope that they can capture several Social Credit constituencies. They were heartened by a recent Gallup Poll indicating a considerable drop in Socred popularity in Quebec Province, with only twenty per cent of the voters favoring the party compared with twenty-six per cent last summer.

Réal Caouette insists that his Social Credit party will sweep the province, taking fifty to sixty seats. There was no sign of diminution of enthusiasm at Socred rallies. Caouette filled the Quebec armory with four thousand cheering supporters early in March, whipping the crowd into a frenzy by attributing all Canada's economic ills to "financiers who suck the blood of the poor." Violently pacifist, Caouette says Canada "cannot afford to spend five cents on nuclear arms." Besides, there will be no nuclear war, he says, because both Kennedy and Khrushchev are afraid of nuclear conflict: "They easily show their teeth, but a yapping dog never bites hard."

If Caouette does little more than hold his own, the chances of a strong government emerging from the April 8 election are very slim. Canada seems headed for another minority government. Even if the Liberals win a bare majority, Pearson might find it impossible to accept nuclear arms and remain in power.

Perhaps Washington can take comfort in the fact that its explosive statement of January 30 did not seriously hurt Pearson or help Diefenbaker. Many Canadians have come around to the opinion that the Kennedy administration had ample justification for its show of irritation. Finally, the anti-Americanism stirred by Diefenbaker and Douglas is pallid compared to past elections, when Canada was roused by such slogans as "No Truck or Trade with the Yankees!" Today the mood toward the neighbor south of the border was best expressed by Robert Thompson, national leader of the Social Credit Party, who told the last parliament: "Americans are our best friends, whether we like it or not."

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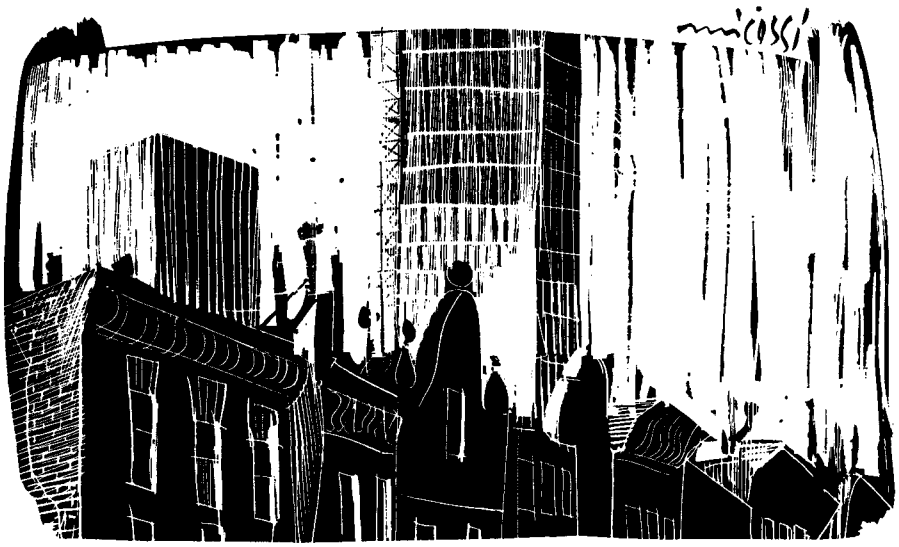

The Jewbird

A Short Story

BERNARD MALAMUD

THE WINDOW was open so the bird flew in. Flappity-flap with its frazzled black wings. That's how it goes. It's open, you're in. Closed, you're out and that's your fate. The bird wearily flapped through the open kitchen window of Harry Cohen's top-floor apartment on First Avenue near the lower East River. On a rod on the wall hung an escaped canary's cage, its door wide open, but this black-type long-beaked bird—its ruffled head and small dull eyes, crossed a little, making it look like a dissipated crow—landed, if not smack on Cohen's thick lamb chop, at least on the table close by. The frozen-foods salesman was sitting at supper with his wife and young son on a hot August evening last year. Cohen, a heavy man with hairy chest and beefy shorts; Edie, in skimpy yellow shorts and red halter; and their ten-year-old Morris (after her father)—Maurie, they called him, a nice kid though not overly bright—were all in the city after two weeks out, because Cohen's mother was dying. They had been enjoying Kingston, New York, but drove back when Mama got sick in her flat in the Bronx.

"Right on the table," said Cohen, putting down his beer glass and swatting at the bird. "Son of a bitch."

"Harry, take care with your language," Edie said, looking at Maurie, who watched every move.

The bird cawed hoarsely and with a flap of its bedraggled wings—feathers tufted this way and that—rose heavily to the top of the open kitchen door, where it perched staring down.

"Gevalt, a pogrom!"

"It's a talking bird," said Edie in astonishment.

"In Jewish," said Maurie.

"Wise guy," muttered Cohen. He gnawed on his chop, then put down the bone. "So if you can talk, state your business. What do you want?"

"If you can't spare a lamb chop," said the bird, "I'll settle for a piece of herring with a crust of bread. You can't live on nerve forever."

"This ain't a restaurant," Cohen replied. "All I'm asking is, What brings you to this address?"

"The window was open," the bird sighed, adding after a moment, "I'm running. I'm flying but I'm also running."

"From whom?" asked Edie with interest.

"Anti-Semeets."

"Anti-Semites?" they all said.

"That's from whom."

"What kind of anti-Semites bother a bird?" Edie asked.

"Any kind," said the bird. "Also including eagles, vultures, and hawks. And once in a while some crows will take your eyes out."

"But aren't you a crow?"

"Me? I'm a Jewbird."

Cohen laughed heartily. "What do you mean by that?"

THE BIRD began dovening. He prayed without Book or tallith, but with great passion. Edie bowed her head though not Cohen. And Maurie rocked back and forth with the prayer, looking up with one wide-open eye.

When the prayer was done Cohen remarked, "No hat, no phylacteries?"

"I'm an old radical."

"You're sure you're not some kind of a ghost or dybbuk?"

"Not a dybbuk," answered the bird, "though one of my relatives had such an incident once. It's all over now, thanks God. They freed her from a former lover, a crazy jealous man. She's now the mother of two wonderful children."

"Birds?" Cohen asked slyly.

"Why not?"

"What kind of birds?"

"Like me. Jewbirds."

Cohen leaned back in his chair and guffawed. "That's a big laugh. I've heard of a Jewfish but not a Jewbird."

"We're once removed." The bird rested on one skinny leg, then on the other. "Please, could you spare maybe a piece of herring with a small crust of bread?"

Edie got up from the table.

"What are you doing?" Cohen asked her.

"I'll clear the dishes."

Cohen turned to the bird. "So what's your name, if you don't mind saying?"

"Call me Schwartz."

"He might be an old Jew changed into a bird by somebody," said Edie, removing a plate.

"Are you?" asked Harry, lighting a cigar.

"Who knows?" answered Schwartz. "Does God tell us everything?"

Maurie got up on his chair

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in his excitement. "What kind of herring?" he asked the bird.

"Get down, Maurie, or you'll fall," ordered Cohen.

"If you haven't got matjes, I'll take schmaltz," said Schwartz.

"All we have is marinated, with slices of onion—in a jar," said Edie.

"If you'll open for me the jar I'll eat marinated. Do you have also, if you don't mind, a piece of rye bread —the spitz?"

Edie thought she had.

"Feed him out on the balcony," Cohen said. He spoke to the bird. "After that, take off."

Schwartz closed both bird eyes. "I'm tired and it's a long way."

"Which direction are you headed, north or south?"

Schwartz, barely lifting his wings, shrugged.

"You don't know where you're going?"

"Where there's charity I'll go."

"Let him stay, Papa," said Maurie. "He's only a bird."

"So stay the night," Cohen said, "but not longer."

In the morning Cohen ordered the bird out of the house but Maurie cried, so Schwartz stayed for a while. Maurie was still on vacation from school and his friends were away. He was lonely and Edie enjoyed the fun he had, playing with the bird.

"He's no trouble at all," she told Cohen, "and his appetite is very small."

"What'll you do when he makes dirty?"

"He flies across the street in a tree when he makes dirt and if nobody passes below, who notices?"

"So all right," said Cohen, "but I'm dead set against it. I warn you he ain't gonna stay here long."

"What have you got against the poor bird?"

"Poor bird, my ass. He's a foxy bastard. He thinks he's a Jew."

"What difference does it make what he thinks?"

"A Jewbird, what a chuzpah. One false move and he's out on his drumsticks."

At Cohen's insistence Schwartz lived out on the balcony in a new wooden birdhouse Edie had bought him.

"With many thanks," said Schwartz, "though I would rather have a human roof over my head. You know how it is at my age. I like the warm, the windows, the smell of cooking. I would also be glad to see once in a while the *Jewish Morning Journal* and have an occasional schnapps because it helps my breathing, thanks God. But whatever you give me, you'll hear no complaints."

However, when Cohen brought home a bird feeder full of dried corn, Schwartz said, "Impossible."

Cohen was annoyed. "What's the matter, Cross-eyes, is your life getting too good for you? Are you forgetting what it means to be migratory? I'll bet a helluva lot of crows you happen to be acquainted with, Jews or otherwise, would give their eyeteeth to eat this corn."

Schwartz did not answer. What can you say to a grubber yung?

"Not for my digestion," he later explained to Edie. "Cramps. Herring is better even if it makes you thirsty. At least rainwater is free." He laughed sadly in breathy caws.

And herring, thanks to Edie, who knew where to shop, was what Schwartz got, with an occasional piece of potato pancake, and even a bit of soup meat when Cohen wasn't looking.

When school began in September, before Cohen could once again suggest giving the bird the boot, Edie prevailed on him to wait a little while until Maurie adjusted.

"To deprive him right now might hurt his school work, and you know what trouble we had last year."

"So okay, but sooner or later the bird goes. That I promise you."

Schwartz, though nobody had asked him, took on full responsibility for Maurie's performance in school. In return for favors granted, when he was let in for an hour or two at night, he spent most of his time overseeing the boy's lessons. He sat on top of the dresser near Maurie's desk as the boy laboriously wrote out his homework. Maurie was a restless type and Schwartz softly kept him to his studies. He also listened to him practice his screechy violin, taking a few minutes off now and then to rest his ears in the bathroom. And they afterwards played dominoes. The boy was an indifferent checker player and it was impossible to teach him chess. When he was sick, Schwartz read him comic books though he personally disliked them. But Maurie's work improved in school and even his violin teacher admitted his playing was better. Edie gave Schwartz credit for these improvements though the bird poohpoohed them.

Yet he was proud there was nothing lower than C minuses on Maurie's report card, and on Edie's insistence celebrated with a little schnapps.

"If he keeps up like this," Cohen said, "I'll get him in an Ivy League college for sure."

"Oh, I hope so," sighed Edie.

But Schwartz shook his head. "He's a good boy—you don't have to worry. He won't be a shicker or a wife beater, God forbid, but a scholar he'll never be, if you know what I mean, although maybe a good mechanic. It's no disgrace in these times."

"If I were you," Cohen said, angered, "I'd keep my big snoot out of other people's private business."

"Harry, please," said Edie.

"My goddamn patience is wearing out. That Cross-eyes butts into everything."

Though he wasn't exactly a welcome guest in the house, Schwartz gained a few ounces, although he did not improve in appearance. He looked bedraggled as ever, his feathers unkempt, as though he had just flown out of a snowstorm. He spent, he admitted, little time taking care of himself. Too much to think about. "Also outside plumbing," he told Edie. Still there was more glow to his eyes so that though Cohen still called him Cross-eyes he said it less emphatically.

Liking his situation, Schwartz tried tactfully to stay out of Cohen's way, but one night when Edie was at the movies and Maurie was taking a hot shower, the frozen-foods salesman began a quarrel with the bird.

"For Christ sake, why don't you wash yourself sometimes? Why must you always stink like a dead fish?"

"Mr. Cohen, if you'll pardon me, if somebody eats garlic he will smell from garlic. I eat herring three times a day. Feed me flowers and I will smell like flowers."

"Who's obligated to feed you anything at all? You're lucky you get herring."

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"Excuse me, I'm not complaining," said the bird. "You're complaining."

"What's more," said Cohen, "even from out on the balcony I can hear you snoring away like a pig. It keeps me awake at night."

"Snoring," said Schwartz, "isn't a crime, thanks God."

"All in all you are a goddamn pest and free-loader. Next thing you'll want to sleep in bed next to my wife."

"Mr. Cohen," said Schwartz, "on this rest assured. A bird is a bird."

"So you say, but how do I know you're a bird and not some kind of a goddamn devil?"

"If I was a devil you would know already. And I don't mean because of your son's good marks."

"Shut up, you bastard bird!" shouted Cohen.

"Grubber yung!" cawed Schwartz, rising to the tips of his talons, his long wings outstretched.

COHEN was about to lunge for the bird's scrawny neck but Maurie came out of the bathroom, and for the rest of the evening, until Schwartz's bedtime on the balcony, there was pretended peace.

But the quarrel had deeply disturbed Schwartz and he slept badly. His snoring woke him, and awake, he was fearful of what would become of him. Wanting to stay out of Cohen's way, he kept to the birdhouse as much as possible. Cramped by it, he paced back and forth on the balcony ledge, or sat on it, staring into space. In the evenings, while overseeing Maurie's lessons, he often fell asleep. Awakening, he nervously hopped around exploring the four corners of the room. He spent much time in Maurie's closet, and carefully examined his bureau drawers when they were left open. And once when he found a large paper bag on the floor, Schwartz poked his way into it to investigate what the possibilities were. The boy was amused to see the bird in the paper bag.

"He wants to build a nest," he said to his mother.

Edie, sensing Schwartz's unhappiness, spoke to him quietly.

"Maybe if you did some of the things my husband wants you, you would get along better with him."

"Give me a for instance," Schwartz said.

"Like take a bath, for instance."

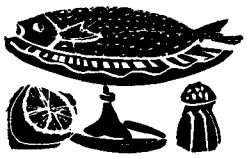
"I'm too old for baths," said the bird.

"He says you have a bad smell."

"Everybody smells. Some people smell because of their thoughts or because who they are. My bad smell comes from the food I eat. What does his come from?"

"I better not ask him or it will make him mad," said Edie.

IN LATE NOVEMBER Schwartz froze on the balcony in the fog and cold, and especially on rainy days he woke with stiff joints and could barely move his wings. Already he felt twinges of rheumatism. He would have liked to spend more time in the warm house, particularly when Maurie was in school and Cohen at work. But though Edie was goodhearted and might have sneaked him in in the morning, just to thaw out, he was afraid to ask her. In the meantime Cohen, who



had been reading articles about the migration of birds, came out on the balcony one night after work when Edie was in the kitchen preparing pot roast. Peeking into the birdhouse, he warned Schwartz to be on his way soon if he knew what was good for him. "Time to hit the flyways."

"Mr. Cohen, why do you hate me so much?" asked the bird. "What did I do to you?"

"Because you're an A number 1 troublemaker, that's why. Now scat or it's open war."

But Schwartz stubbornly refused to depart, so Cohen embarked on a campaign of harassing him, meanwhile hiding it from Edie and Maurie. Maurie hated violence and Cohen didn't want to leave a bad impression. He thought maybe if he played dirty tricks on the bird he would fly off without being physically kicked out. The vacation was over; let him make his easy living off the fat of somebody else's land. Cohen worried about the effect of the bird's departure on Maurie's schooling but decided to take the chance, first because the boy now seemed to have the knack of studying—give the black bird-bastard credit—and second because Schwartz was driving him bats by being there always, even in his dreams.

The frozen-foods salesman began his campaign against the bird by mixing watery cat food with the herring slices in Schwartz's dish. He also blew up and popped numerous paper bags outside the birdhouse as the bird slept, and when he had got Schwartz good and nervous, though not enough to leave, he brought a full-grown cat into the house, supposedly a gift for little Maurie, who had always wanted a pussy. The cat never stopped springing up at Schwartz whenever he saw him, one day managing to pull out several of his tailfeathers. And even at lesson time, when the cat was usually excluded from Maurie's room, though somehow or other he found his way in at the end of the lesson, Schwartz was desperately fearful of his life and flew from pinnacle to pinnacle—light fixture to clothestree to doortop—in order to elude the beast's wet jaws.

Once when the bird complained to Edie how hazardous his existence was, she said, "Be patient, Mr. Schwartz. When the cat gets to know you better he won't try to catch you any more."

"When he stops trying we will both be in Paradise," Schwartz answered. "Do me a favor and get rid of him. He makes my whole life worry. I'm losing feathers like a tree loses leaves."

"I'm awfully sorry but Maurie likes the pussy and sleeps with it."

What could Schwartz do? He worried but came to no decision, being afraid to leave. So he ate the herring garnished with cat food, tried hard not to hear the paper bags bursting like firecrackers outside the birdhouse at night, and lived terror-stricken closer to the ceiling than the floor, as the cat, his tail flicking, endlessly watched him.

WEEKS went by. Then on the day after Cohen's mother had died in her flat in the Bronx and Maurie

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came home with a zero on an arithmetic test, Cohen, enraged, waited until Edie had taken the boy to his violin lesson, then openly attacked the bird. He chased him with a broom on the balcony and Schwartz frantically flew back and forth, finally escaping into his birdhouse. Cohen triumphantly reached in, and grabbing both skinny legs, dragged the bird out, cawing loudly, his wings wildly beating. He whirled the bird around and around his head. But Schwartz, as he moved in circles, managed to duck in and catch Cohen's nose in his beak, and hung on for dear life. Cohen cried out in great pain, punched the bird with his fist, and tugging at its legs with all his might, pulled his nose free. Again he swung the yawking Schwartz around until the bird grew dizzy, then with a furious heave flung him into the night. Schwartz sank like stone into the street. Cohen then tossed the birdhouse and feeder after him, listening until they crashed on the sidewalk. For a full hour, broom in hand, his heart palpitating and nose throbbing with pain, Cohen waited for Schwartz to return but the brokenhearted bird didn't.

That's the end of that dirty bastard, the salesman thought, and went in. Edie and Maurie had come home.

"Look," said Cohen, pointing to his bloody nose swollen three times its normal size, "what that sonofabitchy bird did. It's a permanent scar."

"Where is he now?" Edie asked, frightened.

"I threw him out and he flew away. Good riddance."

Nobody said no, though Edie touched a handkerchief to her eyes and Maurie rapidly tried the nine-times table and found he knew approximately half.

IN THE SPRING when the winter's snow had melted, the boy, moved by a memory, wandered in the neighborhood, looking for Schwartz. He found a dead black bird in a small lot near the river, his two wings broken, neck twisted, and both eyes plucked clean.

"Who did it to you, Mr. Schwartz?" Maurie wept.

"Anti-Semeets," Edie said later.

A Tunnel Under the Alps

ROLAND GELATT

IT IS STILL WINTER at the Hospice du Grand Saint Bernard, and at least another month must elapse before the spring thaw brings the long vigil of its resident monks to an end. Meanwhile, as they have done for nine centuries, the brothers study and write, render homage to God, and offer succor to any mountaineer intrepid enough to brave the engulfing snowdrifts of the pass. But great changes are afoot at the Saint Bernard. Seventeen hundred feet beneath the summit, an army of workmen is completing the first automobile tunnel between Switzerland and northern Italy. If all goes well, the Grand Saint Bernard Tunnel should be open to traffic late this year.

Other Alpine auto tunnels now in progress or in the planning stage will follow. They are coming none too soon. Nowhere in Europe is the traffic more acute than on the approaches to the Alps. There is no avoiding these formidable peaks if you are motoring from Northern Europe to Italy. During the summer, those of stout heart and steady nerve can drive over the top—along narrow, twisting roads encumbered with slow-moving trucks and stalled automobiles. Otherwise, a motorist bound for the south must put his vehicle on a flatcar and ship it by rail through the Saint Gotthard or Simplon Tunnel—a tedious and somewhat ignominious procedure.

All this is about to change. The drive from Switzerland to Italy will soon be as simple and uneventful as the drive from Manhattan to New Jersey. Well, almost. Nothing, not even a new tunnel, can make a trip through the Alps wholly uneventful—as I learned last year on a journey over and under the Grand Saint Bernard.

The tunnel is approached by the classic Saint Bernard route, the same one used by Napoleon in 1800 when he led forty thousand soldiers over the Alps to defeat the startled Austrians at Marengo. You speed up the main highway along the Rhône valley as far as Martigny, then turn off onto a secondary road and begin the ascent in a generally southerly direction, past villages whose superficial aspect—clusters of low houses with long-weathered, irregularly shaped slate roofs—must have altered little since the time of Napoleon. The scenery is spectacular as you climb and climb and climb in intermediate gear, occasionally coming to a complete stop while a herd of cattle, tinkling discordant bells, crosses the road. Before you know it you have reached the town of Bourg St. Pierre at an altitude of almost five thousand feet. In the past Bourg St. Pierre has been the end of the line from October to June. Thus far the road can be kept open, by dint of determined plowing, throughout the winter. Beyond that point it is hopeless. But the tunnel begins several kilometers further on, in the wintry no man's land above Bourg St. Pierre, and year-round access to the tunnel must be assured. To accomplish this, the road is being covered with a concrete canopy, strongly reinforced to resist the weight of sixty-foot snowdrifts and falling debris.

WHEN I visited the tunnel in mid-September, work on the canopy had just begun, and the entrance site was a mire of mud, concrete mixers, and heavy trucks. Monsieur Grosset, the chief foreman, was waiting for me at the door of the administration hut. "Don't mind the mess," he said. "A year from now you won't recognize this place." he pointed to a wide area in front of the tunnel portal which was being flattened out by giant bulldozers. "There we will build our entrance station, the *gare routière*—for passport control, customs, toll booths. And over here we will have a gas station, a snack bar, a post office, and naturally a shop for postcards and souvenirs. Everything will be covered, of course. You should see the snow here in January!"

We went inside the hut and M. Grosset gave me some basic information about the tunnel and its con-

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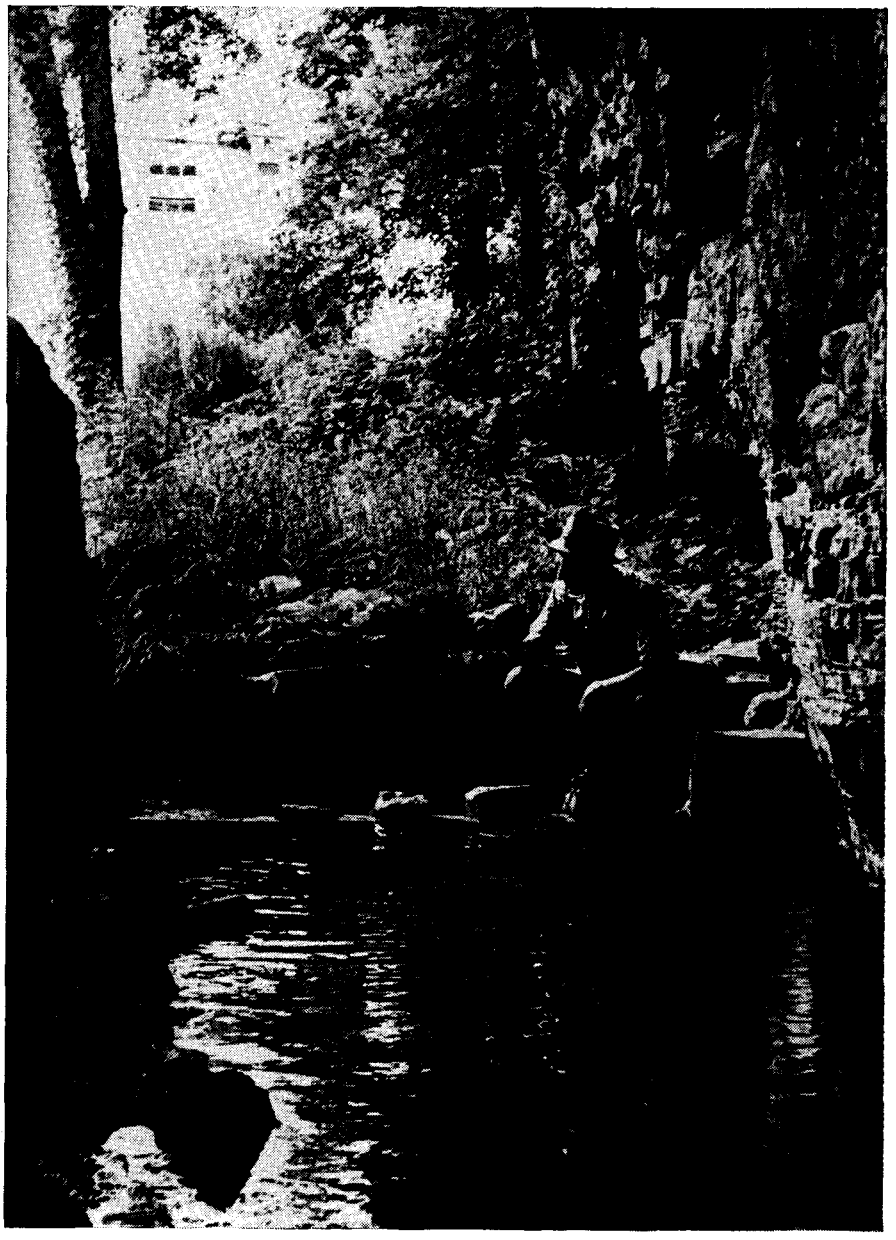
struction. It runs 5,828 meters, almost four miles, from portal to portal, with about another four miles of covered roadway at either end. Plans were drawn up by a Swiss engineer and executed by two separate companies, Swiss and Italian, financed by governmental and private sources. Work started simultaneously at both ends in May, 1959, and was originally planned to be finished by the end of 1961, but unusually heavy snowstorms and unforeseen excavation difficulties on the Italian side caused repeated postponements. The target date for completion is now late 1963.

"From the beginning," M. Grosset explained, "our chief problem has been ventilation. You don't have to worry much about fresh air in building a railroad tunnel, but when automobiles are involved it becomes a matter of real concern. Carbon monoxide, you know. At first it was proposed to have some sort of pulley device that would tow cars through with their engines turned off. But most drivers prefer to move under their own power, and eventually it was decided to equip the tunnel with a huge ventilation system. Come, let me show you what we have done."

We got into the car, drove past the embryonic *gare routière*, and entered the tunnel. Except for an occasional bare light bulb strung along the sides, there was no illumination; the raw concrete interior looked clammy and dank; and the profound stillness grew more oppressive the farther in we drove. It was no place for claustrophobes. A deep trench, covered over with temporary wooden planking, ran down the middle of the two-lane roadbed. "For pipes," M. Grosset explained. "They will bring crude oil from Genoa to Aigle. The first refinery in Switzerland is being built there. Revenue from this pipeline will pay half our operating expenses; the rest will come from tolls."

M. Grosset stopped the car and commented that we had come about a mile from the entrance. We got out and walked through a corridor that led off the side of the roadway. "Fresh air comes in here," M. Grosset said, pointing to a great vertical shaft fourteen feet in diameter that ran up six hundred feet to the surface. "Of course, we also get it from



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either portal, and there are tremendously powerful fans to suck it in. Incidentally, we generate our own electric power. There's a small dam on the side of the mountain directly above us. The water tumbles down six hundred feet from the top, powers the turbines in this room over here, and then gets piped out. Thrifty, is it not?"

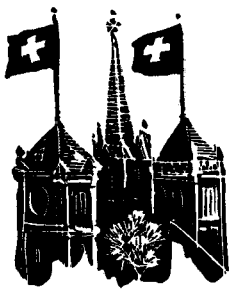
We drove further in, for almost another mile. Suddenly a wall of jagged rock loomed in front of us. "We can go no farther," M. Grosset announced. "This is precisely the halfway point, and here the Swiss company's responsiblity ends. The Italians have actually tunneled through this far—you can see a tiny opening up there near the top—but they still have much digging to do. People say, 'Oh, those Italians. They are never on time.' But it is not really their fault. They ran into far more difficult rock formation than we did. *Ouf,* it is hard to dig holes through mountains!"

M. Grosset walked over to a tall, hand-hewn ladder that was propped up against a catwalk near the roof of the tunnel. We climbed up, crawled over the catwalk, and found ourselves at the bottom of another huge shaft—this one even wider and far higher. M. Grosset beamed. "The exhaust fumes from the whole tunnel are blown out through this chimney. It is 360 meters to the top, almost a quarter of a mile. Have you ever seen anything like it?"

It was time for lunch. We drove back down the tunnel and pulled up in front of a prefab hut. "I hope you enjoy Italian cooking," he said. "Almost all our laborers come from Italy —and we cook to please them." The meal was excellent. "Ah," he sighed, "one needs to eat well in a place like this. It's a lonely life. Ten hours of work, six days a week—and long dull nights. But now I must find you a heavy coat and we can go on to the top."

Beyond the tunnel site the Saint Bernard road begins to climb far more steeply, trees are no longer to be seen, and the only vegetation is a scrubby yellow-green tundra. Otherwise, the eye is overwhelmed with great slabs of bare rock, brilliantly delineated in the crystal-clear air. One last hairpin turn, and suddenly Saint Bernard's hospice was just down the road—a squat and homely structure, but what a sight it must have been for the doughty travelers who arrived at this giddy altitude on foot or horseback!

On September 29, 1555, a fire destroyed the original hospice erected by Saint Bernard in 982. The present structure dates from the sixteenth century, though a subterranean chapel—recently discovered and excavated—is said to go back to the time of the founder. (Its newly plastered walls and modern fixtures do not convey a sense of great antiquity.) The interior of the hospice is dark and institutional,



and not much of great interest is to be seen: an overly ornate church, a museum displaying old coins discovered in the environs, and a tiny post office. Upstairs there are rooms where travelers were lodged.

The famed Saint Bernard dogs are kenneled nearby, about twenty of them, in the charge of a cassocked brother. Until the turn of the century, one of the brothers, accompanied by a dog, would set out every morning for Cantine de l'Hospitalet, not far from the entrance of the new tunnel, to rendezvous with travelers and their guides coming from Bourg St. Pierre. The installation of emergency telephone stations along the route in 1900 made these daily trips unnecessary, and the dogs became redundant. Today they serve only as an attraction for tourists, and at wintertime they are shipped down to Martigny because (another illusion shattered) they suffer from the cold.

It is astonishing to realize that in 1817 the hospice served 34,863 meals to its itinerant guests, indicating that something like twenty thousand travelers must have crossed the pass during the course of a year. Despite this heavy traffic, the hospice was able to accommodate the flow of travelers until the end of the nineteenth century. But then the course of history began to accelerate. In 1892 a new "carriageable" road was opened up on the Swiss side. This was extended down the Italian side a few years later. For the first time, the Grand Saint Bernard could be negotiated in wheeled vehicles instead of on foot or horseback. Traffic across the pass increased sharply, and to keep pace with it the monks built an annex across the road from the hospice.

But by then the era of monastic hospitality was drawing to a close. The continuing improvement of the roads and the coming of automobiles transformed the once perilous journey into a jaunt. Saint Bernard's mission of protection and succor no longer had relevance. In 1925 the annex was converted into a hotel, and the Order of Saint Bernard began to focus its attention on other activities—the establishment of schools in Switzerland and Italy, and the founding of a new hospice on the Lhatse Pass in Tibet (a refuge since closed down by the Communists)—maintaining only a token force in the old Swiss hospice for the sake of tradition and piety.

"Who knows what will happen to the Grand Saint Bernard from now on?" M. Grosset speculated. "Some say that no one will want to drive over the pass after we open the new tunnel. Others say that the tunnel will bring more visitors to the top than ever before. But I am certain of one thing: no matter what happens, the brothers will never leave the Grand Saint Bernard."

Between the hospice and the annex runs an enclosed passageway high over the road. M. Grosset, who has climbed to the hospice on snowshoes at the height of winter, told me that he has seen the passageway utterly obscured by drifts. Even on September 19, the day of my visit, patches of ice had formed in the shade, though down in Montreux on Lake Geneva, far below, the weather was still fine for swimming. M. Grosset looked at the ice and shook his head. "You see, it is getting late. Soon the brothers will be alone again."

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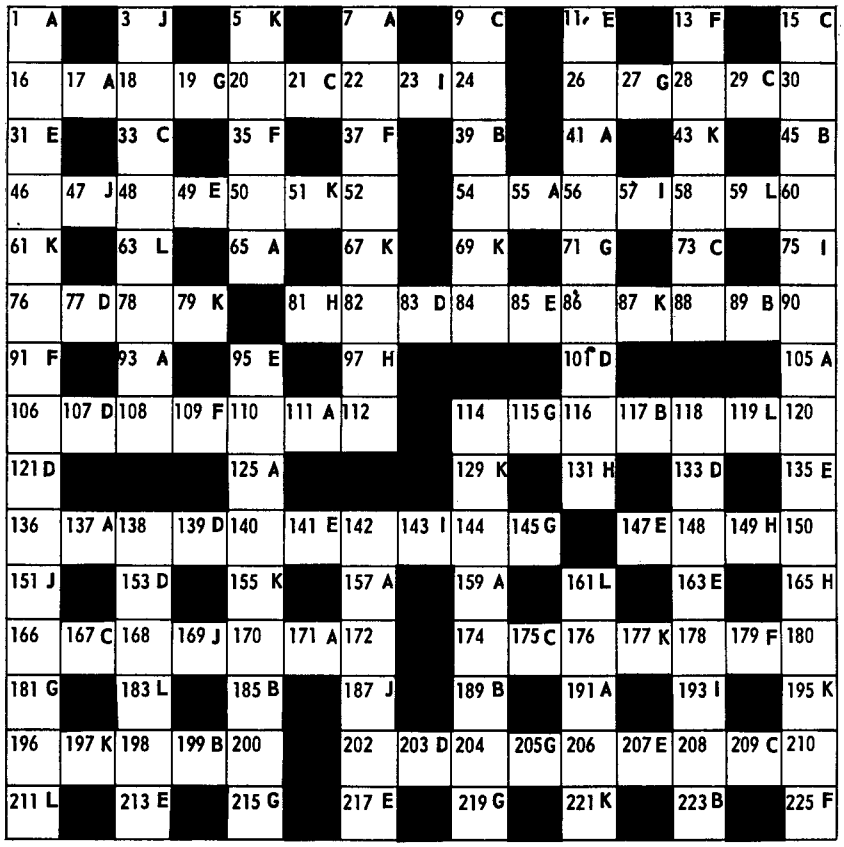
THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 76

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 191 41 1 7 93 137 157 105 65 55 125

159 17 111 171

A famous British breakfast dish (8,7).

B. 189 39 185 89 45 199 223 117 "The ____ brightness of a new-born day / Is lovely yet." Wordsworth, "Ode. Intimations of Immortality."

C. 73 33 29 15 209 9 21 167 175 Phrase used sentimentally about an instrument of agriculture (5, 4).

D. 121 77 153 101 139 107 203 83 133 Slang phrase for something or someone beyond recovery (4, 5).

E. 11 31 85 135 213 49 95 147 207 141 217

163 Grappling instruments for friends, according to Polonius (5, 2, 5).

F. 35 13 179 91 37 225 109 "But what torments of grief you endured / From Evils which never ____." Emerson, "Borrowing."

G. 215 27 181 205 19 145 115 219 71 Slang phrase for expense account (5, 4).

H. 131 165 149 97 81 "There was a ____ of revelry by night." Byron, "Childe Harold."

I. 75 193 23 57 143 Turn away; ward off.

J. 169 47 187 151 3 "Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice _____ Inciderit." Horace, "Ars Poetica."

K. 69 43 129 79 5 61 177 195 51 87 221

197 67 155 kind of straight talk which is perhaps not best for the party (9, 5).

L. 119 161 211 63 183 59 A kind of drug used as an emetic.

ACROSS

16. Helium and rice lack a great deal, but have in common a cardinal.
26. Two eyes on part of the garb of 16 across? It's an excuse, anyway.
46. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
54. A lifting apparatus for the hangman.
76. A part of London which sounds as if it were giving agricultural advice.
81. It's twisted when Pluto takes a legal wrong with a particle.
106. The kind of acquaintance which makes one sleepy?
114. A man leaves Down Under and makes a country in Europe!
136. From fang and French comes a piece from something (8, 2).
147. Reject curtailed a knight's prodder.
166. A horse in a mixed English school? It makes something weighty!
174. Many Presidents were, but not double-timing! (3-4).
196. Reigned or lured?
202. Easy neckwear for casual relationships? (5, 4).

DOWN

1. Good opportunity in what the politician says is to come (9,6).
3. A hundred or a hundred in a shed are burned.
5. A pound apiece for the percolator.
7. 3.14 voting and turning.
9. A play on words spoken in France by a Hindu sage.
11. A coiffure or garment for Flopsy or Mopsy?
13. An Italian city of grim initiation rites.
15. Part of 1 down suggests a once over lightly when the tongue is used (4, 3, 1, 7).
95. Laborers in a company or decisive examples of penmanship? (4, 5).
114. Are the poor in? At least some of them (1, 7).
118. Use the lever pin to get recovery of goods at law.
138. A girl has a pound and a shilling in the official records.
142. If you tease thus, you are likely to get stuck.
161. It's a sticker, but it's all right in reversed fabric.

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RECORD NOTES

BRECHT ON BRECHT. (Columbia, two 12" *LPS, mono* 02L 278, *$9.98; stereo* 02S 203, *$11.98.*)

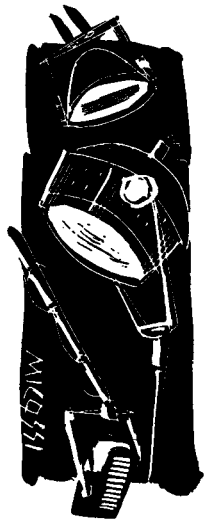
The impact of the off-Broadway production of *Brecht on Brecht* was scattered because the production was an anthology. With this recording of the performance, however, the listener can pick and choose to take as much of Brecht's astringency as he can absorb at one time. Not all of the songs, vignettes, mordant parables, and mocking apothegms selected by George Tabori are durable, but the percentage is high. Their pervasive concern is with man's struggle to stay whole despite the pressures of the faceless authority he has himself created.

These harshly lit images of the spiritual climate of our time range from the caustic, strutting singing of Lotte Lenya to Viveca Lindfors's tautly controlled evocation of a Jewish wife about to leave Germany and her Aryan husband who is unable to expose himself to her love to the point of stopping her or going with her. The emotions in this Brecht compendium shift from irony to rage to rueful tenderness, as in "Song About My Mother" ("We forgave her for suffering so much"). The external warfare between the besieged individualist and the Establishment is reflected in Brecht's inner conflict between fitful optimism that man's endurance can somehow prevail ("There is only one way to fight authority—outlive it") and black pessimism ("Of these cities will remain that which blew through them—the wind"). The acting—particularly by George Voskovec, Miss Lenya, and Miss Lindfors—is exactly attuned to Brecht's spare, cutting style. Adding further dimension to this self-portrait is the intermittent voice of Brecht himself in excerpts from his testimony before a Congressional committee that was trying to categorize his chronic defiance.

JAMES MASON READS HERMAN MELVILLE'S BARTLEBY THE SCRIVENER. (*Prestige-Lively Arts* 30007, *$4.98.*)

This perversely compelling story has been analyzed in many different ways. The law clerk who persistently answered the orders of his employer with the maddeningly calm "I prefer not to" finally preferred not to be fired; and when he was discharged, he preferred not to live. Bartleby's condition may have been what is now called schizophrenic, or Melville may have been describing our inability to communicate with each other in any fundamental sense. Newton Arvin, for instance, has suggested that the story illustrates "the cosmic irony of the truth that men are at once immitigably interdependent and incurably forlorn."

At any rate, Bartleby's utter aloneness remains disturbingly provocative. Each reader brings his own dilemmas to the attempt at solving the conundrum of Bartleby's fatal stubbornness. In this recording, the story is read by James Mason with uncommon skill. His portrayal of the narrator, Bartleby's employer, is entirely convincing in its distillation



of the lawyer's ambivalence toward the resisting scrivener: "I burned to be rebelled against again." The presence of Bartleby eventually became necessary to his employer, who pursued him to his final place of exile in jail; but the bewildered lawyer could not explain his own obsession except by speculating that Bartleby had been speaking to some quality long hidden within him. The story ends: "Ah, Bartleby. Ah, humanity." But the puzzle of Bartleby continues; and because of the subtlety with which James Mason has animated this circular odyssey, the record itself has an almost mesmeric effect and will be replayed, I expect, more than most spoken-word albums.

JAMES BALDWIN: BLACK MAN IN AMERICA. (*Credo Records,* 1, *$3.98 postpaid from Credo, 102 Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.*)

Having expanded his role as an alarm-sounding native son from books to television and lecture appearances, it was inevitable that James Baldwin would also appear on an LP. Fortunately, this is not a recording of a set speech but is rather an informal, skillfully directed interview by Studs Terkel of WFMT in Chicago. There is the thrust of spontaneity in Baldwin's long, smoldering answers. In the exchange, Baldwin focuses on the core of much of what he has written in recent years. Since his speaking voice is texturally arresting, his exploration of Negro-white relationships in this country is even more evocative on records than in print.

Among other subjects, Baldwin talks of the effect of vintage Negro blues on his early work as he tried to "find out what I had been like in the beginning." He also speaks on his childhood, examines the Negro expatriate in Europe, quotes from a Negro friend's impression of walking among whites downtown ("You ought to be able to bear me if I can bear you"), and describes the different reactions of Negro and white audiences to a "liberal" film, *The Defiant Ones.* When Sidney Poitier, escaping from a chain gang, jumped off a train to rescue his white co-prisoner—an act which insured recapture—Baldwin in a Harlem movie theatre heard "a tremendous roar of *fury* from the audience, with which, I must say, I agreed."

After referring to Baldwin's rejection of white-imposed definitions of the Negro in his book *Nobody Knows My Name,* Terkel asks the writer at the end of the interview: "Who are you now?" "Who indeed?" answers Baldwin, and, with long pauses, he adds, "Well, I may not be able to tell you quite who I am but I think I'm discovering who I'm not." In this process, Baldwin has propelled more and more whites to discover who the Negro is not.

—NAT HENTOFF

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BOOKS

What They Wrote And What They Were

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

LAWRENCE DURRELL AND HENRY MILLER: A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by George Wickes. *Dutton, $6.95.*

Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller have been writing back and forth for twenty-eight years, ever since the young Englishman wrote an exuberant, Millerian fan letter to the author of *Tropic of Cancer* in 1935. By now, one would think, they should understand each other. But the obvious and near-tragic fact that emerges from this selection of their letters is that neither does, or ever has. For twenty-eight years, despite occasional glimpses of the truth, the two writers have been trying to make one another over into images of themselves. That their friendship has maintained itself undiminished through all these years of mutual nonrecognition is simply a triumph of the men over the writers.

At first glance, these painfully honest letters appear to chronicle the spectacular rise of the junior correspondent and the pathetic decline of the senior. Miller's only really "famous" work was written before the series began, and year by year, shrinking into his sullen exile, he finds himself less and less regarded—except by Durrell. One reads the book, in fact, not as Miller's story but as Durrell's, plotting his growth against the sadly static image of his early mentor and master, from the early, Miller-aping *Black Book* to the international celebrity of the Alexandria Quartet. But, though Durrell indeed has grown, Miller, against appearances, has not declined: he has simply never moved.

Durrell kept expecting Miller to change, to "write his great work," kept hoping he would, while all the time Miller kept insisting he *could* not and never would. It was integral to his primitivist credo, as man and as writer—for him, there is no distinction; one's writing is simply a function of one's life—that one established a position and stayed there, rock-hard, unyielding, and unmoved. There is a certain stern nobility in his attitude, and, as one hears the same unflinching principles repeated over and over in Miller's letters to an ever less sympathetic, ever less comprehending Durrell, one begins to acquire the respect he feels this long-misunderstood man deserves. In one way, *because* of this monolithic sameness, because, in part, of the suffering and neglect it was certain to bring him—as he well knew—Miller is actually the better served by this revealing exhibition. Of the two, he is, there is no question, decidedly the lesser writer; but he is, as Durrell himself seems to recognize, the greater man. These letters may help one to forget all of Miller's tediously blathering books and to focus on the far more important fact of the man himself.

WHAT Miller is not, first of all, is a "man of letters"—he has nothing to do with "art," with "literature," as most of us regard it. He

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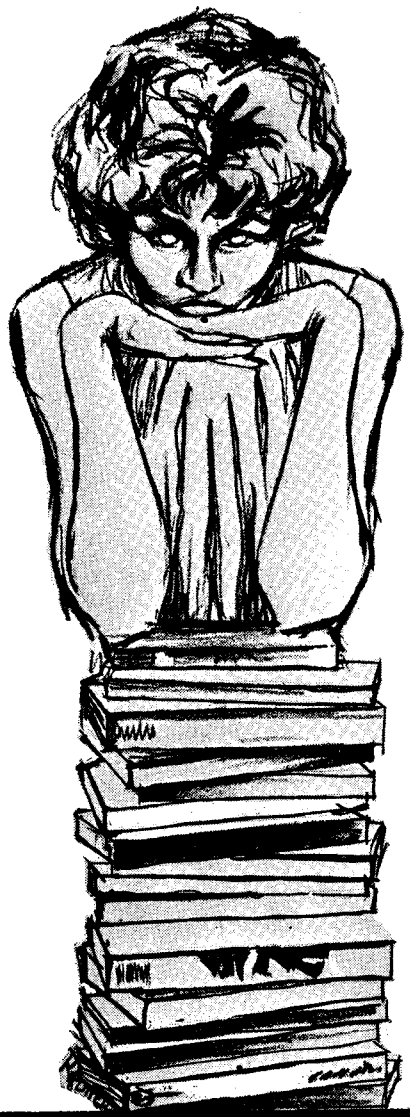

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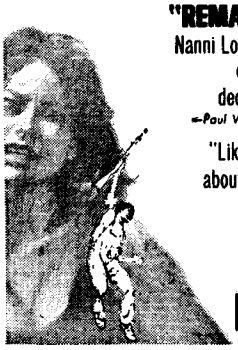

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writes only as a necessary means of self-discovery, as part of his lifelong search for the truth; because he must: "I am doomed to write perpetually." "Literature!" he quotes Balzac writing to George Sand: "But, my dear lady, literature doesn't exist! There is life, of which politics and art are part. And I am a man that's alive, that's all—a man living his life, nothing more." And later, "Where does creation lie—in the one thing done or in the effect? What and how a man does, acts, thinks, talks, every day is what counts, no?"

With standards like these, one cannot expect much in the way of "art." Miller has almost no sense of "taste" or discrimination, in his own work or that of others—though his five-page critique of *Clea* and, looking back, of the Quartet as a whole, is surprisingly keen. But he was even more enthusiastic about *The Black Book*—or the work of Céline ("Still the best writer alive today . . ."), Cendrars, Powys, Giono—or Kerouac. He revels in Hindu arcana, Zen, astrology. He delights equally in the best and the worst of his own voluminous autobiographizing, and insists, against Durrell's hopeless pleas that he develop *some* critical sense, that the most unreadable of his surrealistic fantasias are every bit as important as both the *Tropics* together. And, of course, they are.

The pity of all this stern anti-literary nobility is, unfortunately, that for almost anyone but himself Henry Miller has precious little to say—or precious little worth reading. As Durrell developed, year by year, his own critical sense, discovered the controlled, artistic self that was to dream *Justine* and its sequels, he began, perversely, trying to read Miller's works as "literature," to judge them as "art." When he got to *Sexus* in 1949, the first volume of the three-volume gargantua that Miller calls *The Rosy Crucifixion*, he balked:

But my dear Henry, the moral vulgarity of so much of it is *artistically* painful. . . . All the wild resonance of *Cancer* and *Black Spring* has gone, and you have failed to develop what is really new in your prose, and what should set a crown on your work. The new mystical outlines are all there; but they are lost, lost, damn it, in this shower of lavatory filth which no longer seems tonic and bracing, but just excrementitious and sad. One winces and averts the face. What on earth has made you slip back on a simple matter of *taste*—artistic taste?

Five days later, having waded through all twelve hundred pages, he desperately cabled: SEXUS DISGRACEFULLY BAD WILL COMPLETELY RUIN REPUTATION UNLESS WITHDRAWN REVISED LARRY."

Miller, with remarkable grace, accepted his friend's "defection," and patiently tried to explain once again what he was doing Before this rare display of tolerance and benignity, Durrell retracted at once, and begged the Master's forgiveness; and the crisis passed. But Durrell was obviously right. As books, as "literature," so many of these things of Miller's are very nearly worthless. The gory, gratuitous obscenity that so dismayed his dearest friend is, of course, Miller's most notorious "inelegance"; but the pages in between can be equally distressing. Miller is committed, for one thing, to an autobiographical, "ego-protagonist" mode—it is all he has ever used: "all this Brobdingnagian experience must be vomited forth." Which would be well enough, except that most of Miller's life, for all the sex, has been awesomely dull. His motley associates, the "heroes" of his "novels," have been for the most part a sordid grab bag of crackpots and cranks, panhandlers and astrologers and undiscovered writers—the sort of people who simply cannot retain one's interest through twenty or twenty-five books.

His "philosophy," if it may be called that, often rambles off into untrackable pseudo-mystical realms, but at core it is and always has been an apocalyptic doom-shouting condemnation of the whole of civilization. He simply doesn't like it: we were better off in caves. Since almost none of this, however, finds its way into the letters, one begins to wonder just how serious it all is. The Miller here revealed, the same, almost, from first page to last, is this unyielding anti-literary Ego, writing himself out laughing in book after rambling book.

"If one lived long enough the whole man would come through in the work—ideas, sensations, experience, philosophy, aesthetic, and everything . . . All these 'new trends

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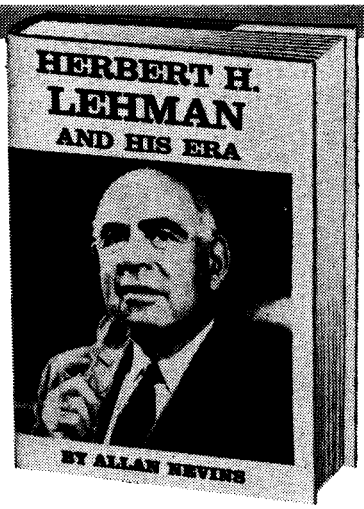
and directions' which the critics discern with each new work—all this sort of apperception is false." He is childlike, sensitive, very proud, high-spirited, totally uncritical, alternately gay to the point of euphoria and despairing to the point of suicide. He curses a civilization that he does not understand, reviles a country he is unable to leave, and dismisses as worthless all the major authors he has never taken the trouble to read. He refuses to make any effort to commercialize himself, to "earn a living," but harasses his acquaintances to support him ("You call yourselves my friends") in petulant open letters—and they do. I do not pretend wholly to understand such a man—even Durrell, who should of all people be able, all too obviously fails. But his letters here, cleared of the cant and rhetoric of his books, offer as clear a picture as we are ever likely to get. They prove, at least, if proof were needed, that the Dirty Old Man who still represents the greater part of his public image is really only a fractional, though integral, fragment of the whole—a whole that is huge, unchanging, probably unique, and the closest thing our century is likely to produce to a genuine Noble Savage.

BUT ONE READS this correspondence, as I say, not so much to piece together the picture of a Henry Miller as to trace the growth of Durrell—a growth seen, increasingly, as one moving away from the fixed and unfertile point of the Master. The first stage in this development extends from the original exchange of adulatory letters to the completion of Durrell's *The Black Book* in the spring of 1937. So far, they are virtually step in step. The already notorious, middle-aged author of the *Tropics*, up in Paris, could not say enough fine things about *The Black Book:* he thought that he had discovered another Henry Miller. "Your commercial career is finished," he chortles. "From now on you're an outlaw . . . You are *the* master of the English language. . . . This is way beyond Lawrence and the whole tribe."

The new master of the language began to show signs of rebellion, however, signs of what Miller could only regard as a dangerous and



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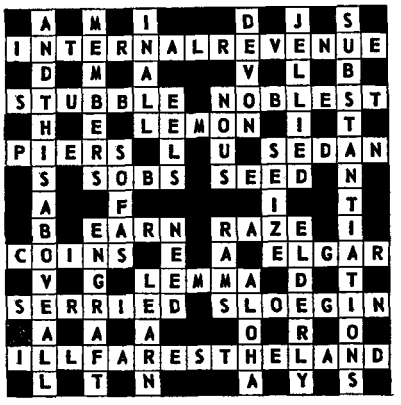

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spineless truckling to the world. The artist, he had warned Durrell, was committed to becoming "a traitor to the human race"; but his new disciple was giving disquieting evidence of wanting to rejoin it. For one thing, he appeared willing to expurgate *The Black Book* in order to get it published. Henry stepped in at once, spoke of "conscience" and "moral responsibility," and Durrell backed down, awestruck and ashamed. Next came the more serious question of Durrell's "double life," his insistence, as it were, on eating the cake of bourgeois security and spitting it out as well. This Miller could *not* understand. The following exchange, from July of 1937, dramatizes in an essential way this difference between the two men. Durrell writes:

. . . I CAN'T WRITE REAL BOOKS ALL THE TIME. . . . Already the B.B. has played havoc with me. What I want is this, frankly. Once every three years or more I shall try to compose for full orchestra. The rest of the time I shall do essays, travel books, perhaps one more novel under Charles Norden [his Dr. Jekyll pseudonym]. . . . I think you will probably feel this is traitorous or something, but you must understand that I need my friend Norden in order to keep my peace of mind and be happy a little and love. . . .

And Miller:

Don't, my good Durrell, take the schizophrenic route. . . . what is the penalty, after all? What can they do to you—THEY? . . . If, as you say, you can't write REAL books all the time, then don't write. Don't write anything . . .

The warning was heartfelt and strong, but of course ineffectual. Durrell, literarily, is still happily schizoid, writing space-time continua with the right hand and diplomatic low comedy with the left. ("All this is very perplexing to my fans who don't know whether I am P. G. Wodehouse or James Joyce or what the hell.") The disciple, already, was drifting away.

Through the late 30's, when the two finally met in person, first in Paris and then in Greece (see Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi*), the breach widened, as Durrell took more and more a part in the human race from which Miller was more and more retreating. Miller writes that he must withdraw, to meditate and write; Durrell writes back, from his once-despised England, "I have written nothing but grown in humanity half a cubit." Miller raves to him about Tibetan yoga and the Zen masters—"It drives me wild, delirious with joy"; while Durrell discovers the Palladian green loveliness of Warwickshire, rediscovers the grandeur of Shakespeare—he even loves the swans and the tourists of Stratford. They are writing at, not to, one another, from two different worlds.

THE CRUCIAL YEARS for Durrell, for Miller too, in a way, for so many people, were the war years. Miller retreated—from civilization, if you will—to America. He drove sixteen thousand miles, first, about this "Air-Conditioned Nightmare"; then, shrinking as far off to the edges as he could, settled into a borrowed, ramshackle cabin at Big Sur, California—one of the most spectacularly beautiful seacoasts in the world.

While he sat there fending off the tourists, playing Ping-pong, and spewing out reams of *The Rosy Crucifixion*—the sum of his activity, virtually, for the next fifteen years—Durrell had actively rejoined the world, and was working for the British Information Office—in Alexandria! "I have a wonderful idea for a novel on Alexandria . . . ," he writes one day in August, 1944; and from then on we are reading paragraphs and pages from the embryonic Quartet in his letters to Big Sur.

But more important still, for Durrell, was the experience of war, of statecraft and public starvation, of "history as reality"—the sort of drastically maturing experience that Miller had purposely fled. He tries, over and over, to explain to Henry what it is all about. "We live in an atmosphere of privation, spiritual as well as physical; and from all over Asia and Europe the famine reports are pouring in. It's hard to feel anything until you've seen the effects of the war. It's lucky you have been spared them. Athens would make you weep: smashed currency, labour shortage, dearth of raw materials, hunger, syphilis, and the ruin of the common man. Only the rich still glitter." Later still, from Yugoslavia

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—Durrell is on the Foreign Service circuit by now: Press Attaché, Director of Public Relations; Buenos Aires, Belgrade, Cyprus—

> . . . my dear Henry, you are crazy. You cannot have the faintest idea what a communist country is like. . . . No, but you won't understand even now. BUT IF YOU CAME HERE FOR JUST A WEEK, you'd realize that even a great war would be justified to prevent THIS, and liberate the millions under the yoke of this tyranny, this moral prison. . . . But you will disapprove.

After the war, Durrell finds himself more and more reconciled to England, and has become fast friends with—of all people—his publisher and new mentor, T. S. Eliot. One wonders what Miller must have thought. Durrell even presumes now to advise and to criticize; the roles are beginning to reverse. ". . . Like all American geniuses you have no sense of form whatsoever . . . you have lost a good deal of critical control . . . quite half of *Murder the Murderer* [Miller's nihilistic response to the war] could have been blue-pencilled out. It seemed repetitive and platitudinous." Something less than subtle has happened to the relationship, although neither yet seems entirely aware. "I occasionally read your frenzied appeals to reason in the avant garde papers—sounding but so remote . . ."

The oceanic gap that now divided them was suddenly and cruelly laid bare, as we have seen, by Durrell's outspoken condemnation of *Sexus* in September of 1949, and as frantically covered up again. Although they quickly pretend it never happened—they were, after all, friends first and critics only a far distant second—this ugly episode discovers just how very far Durrell had grown from Miller since his return to America, how much he had forgotten what it *was* that Miller had devoted his life to doing. Otherwise, how could he possibly have troubled Henry over questions of "moral vulgarity," "critical sense," "failing to develop"—of "taste," for heaven's sake, of "ruining his reputation"? These were now, of course, among Durrell's own major concerns, but they had never been Miller's. That Durrell was "bitterly disappointed" in the book was perhaps to be expected;

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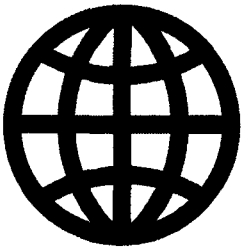

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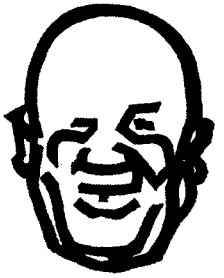

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but that he could have so lost sight of the Master as to expect him to heed, even to understand, his so-"literary" critique is astonishing.

Durrell is more careful after this; one feels more and more the tension of benevolent reticence, of remembered praise and ritual congratulation. Miller is, he realizes, simply too fine a man to be hurt like that again: there are more important things than "taste." *Sexus* comes up for a hesitant, more kindly review, eight years too late. "I found somewhat to my surprise that *Sexus* which I was once so shocked and disgusted by is really as great as *Tropic*—only it is very unpruned." Even his desperate, so sensible attempt to convince Miller, through four successive letters, of the cheap, pretentious-sentimental banality of the Kerouac & Co. Beats ("They need a week at a French lycée to be taught to think and construct"—the *new* Durrell talking—Eliot's Durrell) —even this, so obviously serious and sincere, backs down at last into respectful, filial acquiescence. "Don't be angry with me for not going along on this book. Maybe it has fine things in it which are not on my wavelength. . . . I may have been unjust . . ."

Proposing his own Quartet, which so evidently satisfies *him,* Durrell is to Miller uncertain, apologetic: "(Christ, you will say disapprovingly. The conscious artist.)" Of *Mountolive,* he is positively ashamed. It is so "naturalistic," so un-Miller. "You may yawn your head off . . ." (Henry, of course, loves it, effusively. "My dear man, don't say such things, ever, not to anyone. That book is a perfect gem." Two can play the same game.)

On matters not directly concerned with the now off-limits grounds of their writings, the two can still serve as each other's best conscience—as they have since the letters began. Uproot yourself from America, Durrell insists. It's ruining you. ". . . America is really harming you, making you critically soft. . . . I feel that a visit to Europe is essential to you for your work . . ." In return, Miller kept nagging away at Durrell to get out of the Foreign Service, to quit everything else and write. "Is it so impossible? You'll always be working for someone, if you think it's 'necessary.' Take a good think some day. Map out your life as you'd like to live it. Then jump!" Durrell did "jump," at last, in December of 1952, and from here on the book is his—his and Justine's, Pursewarden's, Narouz's, Melissa's.

WITH THAT, as the world knows, he was in: Henry, at the end of his fine critique on the Alexandria Quartet, handed over the crown. Translations, prizes, Book-of-the-Month Club, Durrell's own problems with fans and reporters, honors from the Queen Mother followed in order. Durrell was now writing introductions for Miller, trying to pay back a long-standing debt. Miller responds—an exchange typical of their later relationship—with a gracious preface to the French *Justine.*

Against the triumph of Durrell, the tragedy of Miller, now juxtaposed letter for letter, stands out all the more starkly. It is with a certain pain that we watch as this sixty-eight-year-old monument comes at last to the kind of bitterly honest introspection in depth that monuments should never have to make:

> What I feel like saying sometimes—when the whole bloody *Crucifixion* comes to an end—is "Ladies and Gentlemen, don't believe a word of it, it was all a hoax. Let me tell you in a few words the story of my tragedy; I can do it in twenty pages."
>
> And what would be the story? That, wanting desperately to become a writer, I became a writer. In the process I sinned. I became so involved with the Holy Ghost that I betrayed my wife, my child, my friends, my country. I fell in love with the medium. I thought —if one makes a stroke on the blackboard that is the thing in itself, the reality. I almost fell in love with myself, horrible thought. I recorded what I saw and felt, not what was.

Or perhaps the triumph, as well as the tragedy, is really Miller's. He raises, in the last letter here, Yeats's central question: "Perfection of the life, or of the work?" Pleased, proud of his onetime disciple's success, he is still not sure. "All I was trying to say, bedazzled as I was, and it was like trying to put a knife into a crevice, was: 'What's it all about?' After the last line, *what?* After the television appearances, after the Académie, *what?*" What, indeed.

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To these primitives, the ideal body is completely hairless, except for the hair of the head, which is valued highly. This Urukú mother is removing her son's eyebrows by knotting a thread over each hair and quickly pulling on it.

Ceremonial costumes are an essential aspect of religious rites. They are made and donned in the "masking house," reserved for men only. Women who attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the masking house are brutally punished.

This Cashináus tribesman fishes by poisoning the water with a special potion made of fermented leaves. The poisoned water quickly kills the fish, but leaves them entirely edible. A successful fishing expedition is celebrated with a dazzling dance by villagers.

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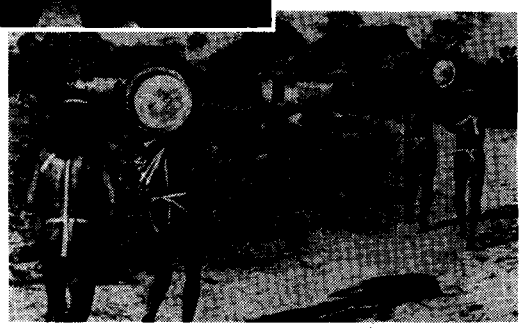

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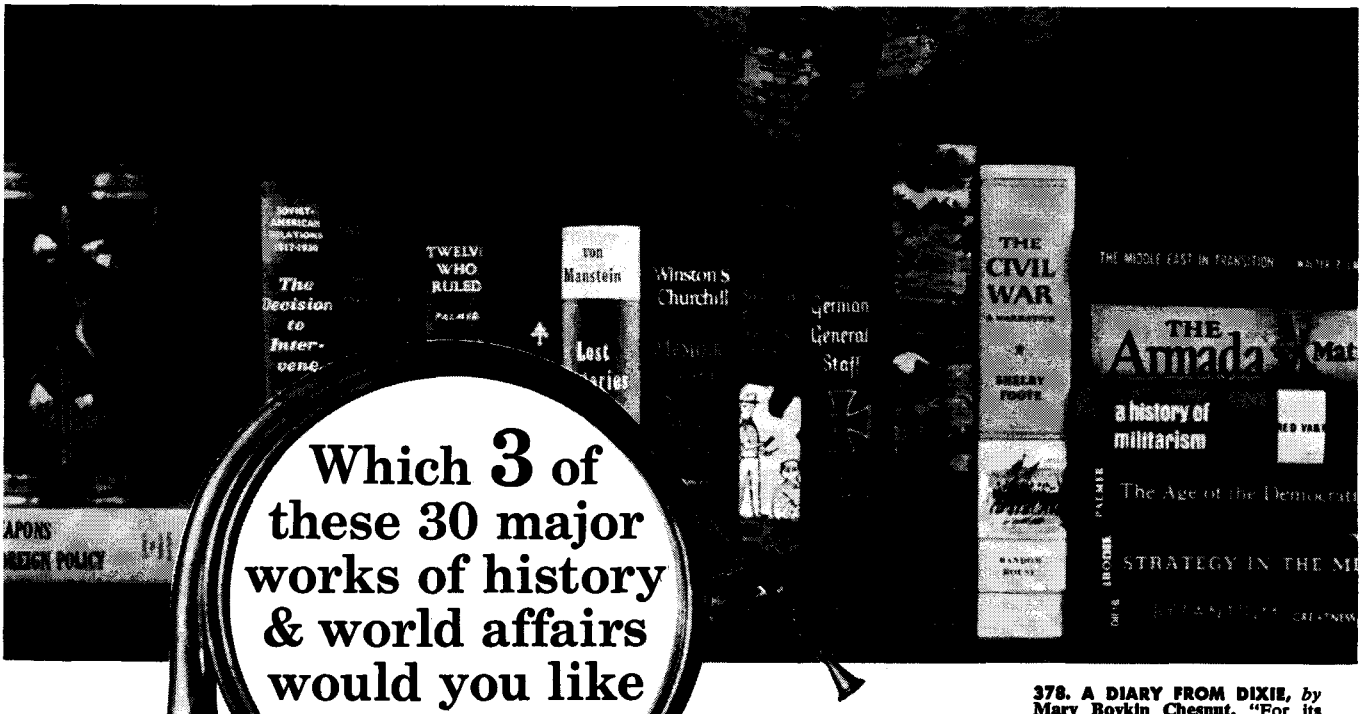

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